THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

76th Year

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by Peter Gay

Patrick Leigh Fermor on the art of nonsense

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Russian dissidents: a divided opposition

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The English Sermon



The Japanese sumo champion Tanikaze Kajinosuke, with his servant in attendance; the background is blue, and the wrestler's gown is striped purple and white. A print by Shunsho (1725-1792) from Japanese Prints and Drawings from the Vever Collection *(see also page 98).*

John Kenyon on Restoration Drama

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A guardian of the shrine

By Peter Gay

COSIMA WAGNER:
Die Tagebücher
Volume I: 1869-1877
Edited by Martin Gregor-Dellin and Dietrich Mack
1,278pp. Munich: Piper. DM 90 (subscription price, DM 78).

RICHARD WAGNER:
Das braune Buch
Tagebuchaufzeichnungen 1865-1882
Edited by Joachim Bergfeld
251pp. Zurich: Atlantis. DM 48.

Cosima Wagner strains the historian's capacity for detachment. While fanatical Wagnerians will, of course, think otherwise, familiarity with her conduct and her convictions is likely to breed exasperation, even dislike, and require an effort not to turn a review of her writings into a denunciation. The publication of the first half of her diaries—the second volume is promised for this year—in no way reduces this strain. The closely printed pages of this first volume, which cover only nine years of Cosima's life with "R." from January 1869, to December 1877, vastly enlarge and greatly deepen our knowledge of her, and of Richard Wagner's preoccupations, opinions, desires and hates. They were, after all, important years in the lives of these two: their first years together, first as lovers and later as a married couple, in their Swiss retreat at Tribschen, half idyll and half exile; the years that Wagner resumed work on the *Ring*, punctuated by moments of unaccustomed self-doubt, sometimes of downright despair over his herculean, self-set task; the years of the conception and construction of the Bayreuth festivals; the years, finally, when great political and military events, on which the pair professed strong, though often opportunistic views, invaded their domesticity: the Franco-Prussian War, the unification of Germany, the shadowy and shady role of Wagner's officially adored and privately despised patron, King Ludwig II of Bavaria, and the emergence of Bismarck as the statesman dominating Europe. History rumbles offstage, audibly.

On all these matters, and others, this intimate, relentless report of feelings, ruminations, conversations, visits, even dreams brings the reader as close to another human being as it is possible to be—short of the psychoanalytic encounter. It is immensely revealing, even if Cosima Wagner tried to live up to some private ideal in composing her daily confessions, even if these presumably spontaneous outpourings are compromised by posturing and myth-making. Richard Wagner must have read many of them, and even wrote some of them himself, oddly adding Cosima's persona and referring to "R" in the third person. But they do not make Cosima Wagner less exasperating or, for that matter, less unlovable. They only make her more interesting. They complicate our perceptions without substantially changing our verdict.

Before the reader invests the hours needed to get through these pages, he may well ask, what is new? Does this bulky record change our picture of Wagner? As Martin Gregor-Dellin, one of its two editors, sensibly suggested in a recent article in the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, "that depends on what picture one has of him". But even if these entries contain few large surprises, they are a genuine publishing event.

What we have always known of Richard Wagner—that he was a fervent admirer of Beethoven and a mean-minded hater of France, a problematic friend to Nietzsche and a shrewd sycophant to Ludwig II, a fanatical antisemite and an exploiter of his Jewish adulators—stands confirmed here, through Cosima's almost slavish recording of his every comment, his every dubious bit of wisdom or disdainful witticism, confirmed and slightly corrected here and there, by inconsistencies, by changes of mind, by treacherous dreams which suggest fears, bouts of uneasiness, even of guilt, of which the public knew nothing. This is the real use of these diaries; they "humanize" both their writer and their hero, humanize them not in the sense of making them congenial, but by grounding them in their deepest, often unconscious experiences and terrifying conflicts. Intelligently and unobtrusively edited by Gregor-Dellin and by Dietrich Mack, the diary will prove a treasure for the musicologist, the biographer, the cultural historian—and the psychopathologist.

It has been used before, as the editors note in their short and informative introduction in which they recount its devious history. Both Richard Wagner's "house biographer", Carl Friedrich Glasenapp, and Cosima Wagner's admiring biographer, Richard Graf du Moulin Eckart, sparingly used and often misquoted these diaries; and Robert W. Gutman's widely read, if rather too adversary recent biography has obviously profited from them. Yet there is much more in these pages than we could have surmised from reading earlier books on Wagner, and it is the accretion of detail, candidly observed and lavishly recorded, that makes this diary into a historical document of unsurpassable interest.

The real surprise is the masochism of Cosima Wagner. Gutman has already noted that in Wagner's presence, "she was perpetually on the point of dissolving into tears or swooning. Hers was a dogLike fidelity". But we were scarcely prepared for this perpetual bath of self-abasement and self-denial. She adores him; she insists, over and over again, that she will sacrifice herself to him, remain serene in the midst of her own misery, set aside her own wishes to gratify his. Five only through and for him. When he plays his music for her, she is almost beyond control, almost faints with exaltation and with emotion too deep—well, almost too deep—for words; for her, his compositions are, literally, divine.

When they quarrel, as they sometimes do, she assumes almost automatically that it must be her fault. While, with obsessive reiteration, in almost every entry, she records how she yearns for her absent children and how she hovers over the children in her immediate care, she is ready to give them up, if only she can serve "R".

Her philosophizing may be banal, but it hits a note of genuine conviction: "Suffering is our highest blessing." In an early entry, of February 1, 1869, she sets the theme that pervades, indeed dominates, her autobiographical notes:

> I took a walk in the garden and once more pondered in my soul what I have already pondered so often: the meaning of life and of our mission in it: I know for certain that self-denial, self-sacrifice, is the only thing that gives our life value and meaning, and gladly will I flee from every happiness and every pleasure. . . . Even in the hours of greatest trial I have never seriously considered separating myself from R, because I know no one who loves him as I love him.

If an angel were to come to her and tell her that she is superfluous, and that, even without her, Richard Wagner could live happily, "how cheerfully would I embrace my cross, how calmly would I walk toward death, my day's work done. I am penetrated by the belief that peace lies in self-sacrifice alone." Accordingly, she hangs on Wagner's every word, begs him to instruct her, not merely about music, but about literature, about morals, about politics. And Richard Wagner complacently complies, teaching her, among other things, that the woman is to the man as the earth is to the sun, wholly passive, giving back only what man had first given her. Humbly, she asks his opinions about everything, and bitterly chastises herself for being so slow to grasp complex matters like Schopenhauer's philosophy.

Cosima's famous imperiousness is no fiction: it emerges with particular vividness in her correspondence with Houston Stewart Chamberlain, in which she trades lordly, magisterial, and insufferable prejudices about history, culture, politics, and Jews with her future son-in-law. And there can be no question that for a quarter century after Wagner's death in 1883 until about 1906 when her health, long frail, wholly collapsed, she posed as the preceptor of Germany, and as the protector of the legacy intent on preserving a monopoly on Wagner's sacred music. But these pages reveal how much of this pose was just that—a pose; how much she had to convince herself that she could stand, indeed, as a cultural and even moral model.

Cosima, so long seen as the clever manipulator who guided Wagner in his mendacious and servile correspondence with Ludwig II; as the implacable ideologue who pushed Wagner, the repentant radical, into reactionary chauvinism and antisemitism; as the cool-headed master tactician, half Machiavelli and half Mephistopheles, turns out to be largely a myth. These pages reveal an anxious mother hovering over her embroidery, sobbing about her inadequacies, brooding on her first husband, listening in dumb adoration to Richard Wagner playing Richard Wagner, reading to her from Shakespeare or Cervantes, or condescending to discourse on matters that, as "R" keeps telling her, neither she, nor any other woman, is really equipped to understand. A tearful, tortured female, forever *souffrante*, forever worried, forever hoarding and cherishing her sufferings, she had to labour long and hard before she could become (or, rather, appear to be) the mistress of the Wagner legacy.

Yet these pages also reveal that the myth, constructed in part by her own defences and in the main by the fond imagination of Wagnerian biographers, is not merely an invention. Behind her flow of tears, her self-abasement, her bouts of doubt and waves of guilt, there stands a wilful, monumental egotism. She can, at moments, condemn herself for her treatment of her first husband; after all, she had been carrying on her affair with Wagner since 1863 and had borne him a daughter, Isolde, in 1865, before she was separated from Hans von Bülow.

But, at most times, she transfigures her treachery into a submission to a higher fate. She applauds Wagner's sallies against Jews but, like him, graciously welcomes their homage, and even weaves greedy fantasies around them. (As she wrote to Glasenapp in 1889: "40 millions, that's what I need to give the Germans the Festivals. Perhaps one of these days a good soul will give them to me, a Jew who wants to atone for the evil of his race.") She wails that her life is empty and her merit small, but cheerfully endorses Richard Wagner's self-serving verdict that she is special, indeed unique, high above the burdensome constraints of common mortals — like Shakespeare's Kate in *Henry V*, the maker of mummies. When she tells her one morning, "he could not grasp how we had once imagined that our love could be boxed into the rules of ordinary life", or, on another day, after the French writer Catulle Mendès and his wife (adoring Wagnerites both) had left Tribschen, "there are no women left in France any more, think about that! God, what a being you are!" what can she do but weep, agree — and record it all for posterity?

The far more fragmentary and sporadic entries of Richard Wagner's own diaries, *Das Braune Buch*, now also published in full for the first time, only confirm, in little flashes, the impressions conveyed by Cosima's sustained record. The entries date from 1865, with Wagner recently, but inextricably, involved with Cosima von Bülow and King Ludwig II of Bavaria, to 1882, the year before his death. Wagner called his notebook, a gathering of obiter dicta, philosophical fragments, poems, recollections, materials for his autobiography, his "brown book" (after its leather binding). The name assumes, with subsequent events as hideous commentary, an unintentional, but inescapably apt significance. Here is Wagner egotrophizing his distant mistress, Cosima von Bülow; Wagner berating—on paper—Cosima's father, Franz Liszt, for taking her away from him; Wagner drafting ambitious essays on "the regeneration of mankind and of culture"; Wagner, told by his dentist that his teeth permit a prognosis of long life, astonished at his own hubris: "What I can stand is incredible and this dentist has taught me once again." It is all very valuable, for the student of Wagner's mind, an expansion of materials already familiar.

But the editing stands in the way and unfortunately, contrary to the meaning of Cosima Wagner's diaries, which candidly exhibits her pathological character. Joachim Bergfeld, whom the blurb identifies as "director of long standing of the Richard-Wagner-Gedenkstätte in Bayreuth", carries on the long standing tradition of worshipping at Wagner's shrine. His annotations and introductory remarks are copious and informative, but they are highly partisan, dismissing Wagner's adversaries by innuendo, distorting the evidence by the omissions. Franz Lachner, Court musikdirektor in Munich until he did his sincere, if perhaps inept best to introduce Wagner's operas there but felt himself rebuffed, particularly toward the later *dramen*; for years, Wagner schemed to get rid of him. In *Das Braune Buch*, Lachner is identified as far too simply, as the leader of "Lachner party" in Munich, who plotted against Wagner". Joachim Bergfeld identifies Cesare Frantz, to whom Wagner dedicated the second edition of his *Opera and Drama*, as a "significant political publicist, who in gained Bismarck's interest and who was highly valued (per *gewürdigt*) by Jacob Burckhardt and Heinrich Ritter von Sybel". That seems innocuous enough, but what makes Frantz, the writer to whom Wagner also highly valued, interesting to the cultural historian, and some importance, is that he was a reactionary utopian with pronounced, often virulent, semitic leanings who propagated among other things, that Germany's Jews be herded into ghettos and deprived "of their citizenship, and who rather correctly predicted in 1883, the year Richard Wagner's death, that Jewish "domination" of German life would produce an "outbreak of popular fury".

In a footnote, Bergfeld notes that Wagner felt "a strong inclination" which may be designated as "an the provision of a popular text, communicating to a wider public the main conclusions of academic social science literature on the party. On these latter terms the book can be judged a success; to have tackled the larger task would have involved broaching such issues as the relative autonomy of politics, particularly British politics within



"Little brother kicking big brother", a pencil drawing from The Drawings of L. S. Lowry *introduced and annotated by Mervyn Levy (330pp. Jupiter. £12.50). The 300 spaciously displayed illustrations (nine in colour) cover over seventy years, ranging from his earliest surviving drawing, a seascape done in 1902, to a rather sinister drawing done just before his death, of a group of leering "gentlemen" ogling a mini-skirted child.*

Towards socialism

By Colin Crouch

TOM FORESTER:
The Labour Party and the Working Class
166pp. Heinemann Educational. £3.75.

The blurb on the jacket of *The Labour Party and the Working Class* asserts that it "sets out to discover why 75 years of the Labour Party have not achieved socialism". In his preface, Tom Forester wisely claims a more modest objective: the provision of a popular text, communicating to a wider public the main conclusions of academic social science literature on the party. On these latter terms the book can be judged a success; to have tackled the larger task would have involved broaching such issues as the relative autonomy of politics, particularly British politics within the international economy, and the role of the modern state. Instead this work treads the familiar territory of working-class political attitudes, the internal workings of the Labour Party and electoral behaviour.

The most substantial part of the book, which makes it more than just a summary of existing work, is its effective refutation of the thesis of "the decline of working-class politics" associated with Barry Hindess's book of that title. Mr Forester's main arguments here are: that the Labour Party never has been a particularly socialist party; that its activists are not now notably more "middle class" than at any other period in its history; that (with an important exception discussed below) there was no period of greater political activism in the past; and that any recent relative decline has not been limited to the Labour Party.

To establish this case he uses a wide range of existing literature on both the ideology and the structure of the party and a survey which he conducted of the Labour Party in the Brighton Kemptown constituency.

The review of literature and the author's careful style make the book commendable to students, as does his firm grasp of an historical perspective. Mr Forester is careful to avoid extrapolating from very recent events and keeps before him the full trajectory of development over the party's seventy-five years of history when he speaks of its past. This gives perspective to any assessment of its present and to what is possible in the future. Mr Forester's sense of history is also shown in his discussion of the relationship between the Labour Party and the trade-union bureaucracy in suppressing any radical currents within the working class.

The communion of the barricades and the *frenetic*, if illusory, search for "la plage sous les pavés" is also dramatically evoked. For Colin-Bendit, as for many of his generation (including myself), this "irruption of the future into the present" was an unforgettable experience. "Ayant vécu ces heures, je ne peux plus dire: c'est impossible." Everyday life seemed momentarily transformed by spontaneous improvisation; the boredom and alienation resulting from conventional taboos and established hierarchies suddenly vanished to give way to an orgy of creative imagination. In this atmosphere Cohn-Bendit was in his element, sirelessly animating dormant energies and radicalizing student masses into militant *enragés*.

The overnight fame which the May barricades brought him undoubtedly appealed to his narcissist, performing temperament. "J'ai eu le privilège de me jouer moi-même à grande échelle: la télé, la radio, les journaux." With refreshing frankness he recounts his delight at this new-found prominence and his subsequent role as a jet-set celebrity living off his revolutionary past. How many other militants would admit so openly to having enjoyed the seductions of anarchist highlife? Indeed, who can blame him for not refusing the blandishments of the media, or of greedy capitalist publishers eager to cash in on the "red-headed wonder-boy"? It is one of Cohn-Bendit's more engaging traits that he does not take all this too seriously and can laugh at a society which turns even revolutionism into an instantly marketable commodity.

The perpetual revolutionary

By Robert S. Wistrich

DANIEL COHN-BENDIT:
Le grand bazar
192pp. Paris: Belfond. fr29.

Daniel Cohn-Bendit's free-wheeling account of his odyssey from the dizzying heights of May 1968 to the more prosaic concerns of life in a present-day Frankfurt commune offers a somewhat confusing assortment of radical goodies, randomly arranged to suit the most diverse consumers from those with a taste for gossip or for dubiously historical digressions on the Russian Revolution to others who may simply be intrigued by the personal itinerary of one of the more colourful survivors from the radical 1960s.

Le grand bazar appeared in France in time to coincide with the seventh anniversary of "la grande fête de Mai", and has also recently appeared in a German translation. Readers will discover that "Danny the Red" has lost none of the cocky good humour and touching naivety which characterized some of his earlier exploits. These rambling confessions of a show-biz revolutionist are spiced with occasional titbits on the sexual problems of a modern militant, some rather peculiar passages on anti-authoritarian techniques of education (as practised by the author himself in a Frankfurt kindergarten) and some dilettantish observations

Less convincing are Cohn-Bendit's comments on the contemporary political situation. Unlike many of his militant student contemporaries he has little interest in theory and a well-attested dislike for precise definitions. In his view there are only "nuances" which divide East from West—both capitalist and communist societies are increasingly consumer-oriented and driven by the same frenzied technological rationality. The stultifying boredom and conformity induced by the compulsive work-ethic results inevitably in the proliferation of the radical counter-culture. Cohn-Bendit's credo is essentially built on negation; "Je suis viscéralement anticapitaliste, antiautoritaire et anticommuniste." Some of his sharpest criticisms are reserved for when he emerged in the full glare of publicity as the mouthpiece of the French student revolt. His description of the March 22 movement which triggered off a series of student and workers' occupations that almost toppled the Gaullist regime is well worth reading. There is a perceptive assessment of the conservative role played by the French Communist Party and the trade-union bureaucracy in suppressing any radical currents within the working class.

The communion of the barricades and the *frenetic*, if illusory, search for "la plage sous les pavés" is also dramatically evoked. For Cohn-Bendit, as for many of his generation (including myself), this "irruption of the future into the present" was an unforgettable experience. "Ayant vécu ces heures, je ne peux plus dire: c'est impossible." Everyday life seemed momentarily transformed by spontaneous improvisation; the boredom and alienation resulting from conventional taboos and established hierarchies suddenly vanished to give way to an orgy of creative imagination. In this atmosphere Cohn-Bendit was in his element, sirelessly animating dormant energies and radicalizing student masses into militant *enragés*.

The overnight fame which the

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CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

I liked Ike

By Charles Wheeler

KAY SUMMERSBY MORGAN:
Past Forgetting
My Love Affair with Dwight D. Eisenhower
220pp. Collins. £4.95.

Kay Summersby was a divorced Anglo-Irish model, who drove an ambulance in the East End of London and, after the Blitz, graduated to Grosvenor Square, where senior American officers were always missing dinner engagements because their own army drivers couldn't find their way in the blackout. There she was assigned to General Eisenhower, who made her his personal driver and constant companion. They served together in Britain, North Africa, France and Germany, and, after the war, Kay Summersby wrote a book, *Eisenhower was my Boss*, a relatively impersonal account of her years in the supreme commander's shadow. The book and a subsequent American lecture tour led to marriage in the United States, and Kay Summersby Morgan settled down in comfortable obscurity.

More than a quarter of a century later, as she was recovering in hospital from a cancer operation, Mrs Morgan's privacy was shattered by ex-President Truman, who told his biographer, Merle Miller, that "right after the war, Eisenhower wrote a letter to General Marshall [then Chief of Staff] saying that he wanted to come back to the United States and divorce Mrs Eisenhower so that he could marry this Englishwoman". According to Truman, Marshall not only denied the request but threatened to wreck Eisenhower's career if he ever mentioned the matter again. Apparently Eisenhower obeyed; he went on to become President of the United States.

Truman's disclosure made front-page news. But the excitement soon died down; Eisenhower was dead, his widow refused to comment, and Kay Summersby decided to tell her own story in her own time. The result, completed shortly before her death, is yet another somewhat cloying revelation of the extra-marital adventures of a former American president.

It was not a torrid affair, as these things go. It began, in 1942, innocently enough, in the driving mirror. There were cosy evenings at the general's private retreat, a cottage near Kingston, where like and his driver played cards and lay on the floor amusing a puppy. She slept in a billet nearby and joined him for breakfast. When Eisenhower was sent to North Africa, Kay followed him in a troopship, was torpedoed, rescued, reunited with her chief, given a medal and a Beretta pistol: "I'd rather see you dead than a prisoner of the Germans", she quotes him as saying. Ike was evidently on the verge of an avowal. A day or two later it came:

> "Goddammit, can't you tell I'm crazy about you?" he barked at me. It was like an explosion. We were suddenly in each other's arms. His kisses absolutely unravelled me. Hungry, strong, demanding. "Goddammit", he said, "I love you."

Inevitably, there was gossip. Algiers was all agog. "Do they or don't they?" people asked one another. According to Kay, they did not because the general could not. Rumour of their liaison reached Mrs Eisenhower in Washington; her husband made things worse by going home on leave and repeatedly calling Mamie "Kay". General Marshall disapproved but President Roosevelt, on a visit to Tunisia, was sufficiently charmed to arrange for Kay to be commissioned into the Women's Army Corps. In late 1943, in London, Winston Churchill asked the happy couple to lunch.

General Eisenhower, it seems, was not a man who bore his military duties lightly. He worried constantly, smoked two cigarettes at a time, suffered from high blood pressure, nervous indigestion and perennial colds. Members of his personal staff spent much of their time arranging for his relaxation and showed a comradely understanding of his need for Kay. In September 1945, he jilted her. Summoned to Washington to take over the Pentagon from General Marshall, he promised Kay, who was about to become an American citizen, that she would be able to follow, together with the rest of his inner circle. But a week before their departure, a telex arrived from Washington announcing baldly that Lieutenant Summersby had been dropped from the list.

After a year in Berlin, running an army guesthouse, Kay arranged a transfer to Washington and in due course called on the general. Eisenhower blushed, asked about her plans, invited her to drop in again. The Pentagon promptly posted her to California. They met once more, on the campus of Columbia University, where Eisenhower was president. And this time he made it clear that the affair was over.

Kay Summersby admits she was hurt but writes without bitterness. She ascribed her rejection to the triumph of ambition and duty over affection. And she appears to approve of Eisenhower's decision to stay with Mamie, the army and the United States, implying that he acted more honourably than Edward VIII. It does not seem to have occurred to her that she was a singularly undemanding young woman, with a stronger sense of loyalty than her boss.

I spy the CIA

By Sandra Salmans

MORT SAHL:
Heartland
158pp. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. £4.60.

Mort Sahl was in the vanguard of American humour in the 1950s, the first of a new breed of stand-up comics to satirize presidents as well as mothers-in-law. By 1960 he was at his peak: packing them in at San Francisco's "hungry i" night-club, writing one-liners for candidate John Kennedy yet satirizing both contenders so effectively that he was featured on *Time*'s cover as "the third campaigner". A few years later, Mr Sahl's career was in ruins, his name on an apparent blacklist, his audiences limited to college campuses. "The real question is, did I at the age of thirty-five suddenly lose my stuff?" he asks in *Heartland*, his autobiography of sorts. "Did the American public defect en masse?"

His answer, predictably, is "No". Mr Sahl maintains that he is the victim of a national conspiracy by producers, agents and, just possibly, the CIA. Most comedians had hard work finding anything funny about the United States during the 1960s, but Mr Sahl's response was to become, by his proud admission, "a man whose conscience is totally out of control". He read all twenty-six volumes of the Warren Commission report and disbelieved it; his conclusion, for which he offers no support in *Heartland*, was that Kennedy was killed by the Pentagon and the CIA.

He discussed the Warren report endlessly on his radio and television talk shows and introduced whole sections of it into his night-club routines. He teamed up for four years with Jim Garrison, then the district attorney of New Orleans, in Garrison's ruthless and ultimately discredited pursuit of alleged conspirators.

Mr Sahl is not alone in questioning the Warren report, sensing a conspiracy or even, in suspecting a CIA role in the assassination. But for him, the CIA was everywhere; things were breaking down "by plan". After collaborating in Kennedy's murder, the CIA, according to Sahl, embarked on a "civil war" with the army, unleashing Daniel Ellsberg and the Pentagon Papers, exposing the My Lai massacre. The agency recruits included Abbie Hoffman, Angela Davis, Stokely Carmichael—radicals whom he finds suspiciously quiet on the subject of Kennedy's death. The sniper on the roof at Howard Johnson's in New Orleans, implicating Oswald, was a "company job" to embarrass Garrison, he says, and the bombings claimed by the left may well, in his view, be the handiwork of the CIA.

Mr Sahl in fact sees the agency's fine hand in Watergate and Richard Nixon's downfall, the deaths of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, George Wallace's paralysis and Chappaquiddick. He seems surprised that he has so far managed to slip intact through the agency's net—but wait: "a few years ago he broke his back in a car accident after college students served him LSD-spiked cookies. The CIA, we are needlessly reminded, had been experimenting with acid.

His rage is not confined to the CIA. Mr Sahl lashes out at virtually any moving target: his first wife and several ex-girlfriends, more devoted to their own careers than to his; his former managers, subsidized by his talent; his fellow comedians, gone from imitating to deriding him. Although *Heartland* is as packed with fashionable names as any gossip column, Mr Sahl seems to evoke friendships only to deny them. His Hollywood-New York friends, most of them fashionably liberal, deserted him when the chips were down. The hope of America, he concludes, is its heartland.

It is unlikely that the heartland will be receptive to Mr Sahl's message as expressed here. Written—perhaps dictated—in the rapid patter of a stand-up comic, *Heartland* is a disjointed narrative held together only by a pervasive tone of betrayal. Mr Sahl's rare attempts at comedy are warped by his paranoid vision, and his serious passages less about his peculiar obsession. In an anecdote at the end of *Heartland*, he recalls a dinner ten years ago with a friend; when Sahl wondered why the service was slow, his companion jokingly suggested that "the long arm of the CIA has reached into the kitchen". Sahl's reaction—clenched fists—indicates the real reason for his decline; he isn't very funny any more.

Contemporary Chicano Theatre (248pp, University of Notre Dame Press. £10.50), edited by Roberto J. Garza, contains eight plays by various Mexican-American writers; some are in English, some in Spanish, and others in a mixture of the two languages "which often characterizes the Chicano in his daily expression". The introduction deals with the historical antecedents of the *Teatro Chicano* and gives a brief analysis of its present state of development. In recent years, we are told, there has been a move away from the "social realistic" type of theatre towards experiments in which wider elements are expressed, "aquellos elementos de la condición humana que transcienden una problemática específica del hombre".

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A N Galpern
Religious change and conflict during the Reformation is here examined in the tradition of the *Annales* School: the geographical setting, the evidence that still graces local churches, the mystery plays, statistical evidence and memoirs are all used to quench out the political and religious explanations for patterns in popular religion. *Harvard Historical Studies* £14.60

YENCHING UNIVERSITY AND SINO-WESTERN RELATIONS, 1916-1952
Philip West
Yenching University was founded by Western missionaries in 1916. In closing, the 36th and final year of university life, the author sheds light on the intellectual, social and diplomatic forces at work in this transitional period in Chinese history. *Harvard East Asian Series* £12.00

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
126 Buckingham Palace Road

Make mine make-up

By Leslie Halliwell

FRANK WESTMORE and MURIEL DAVIDSON:
The Westmores of Hollywood
256pp. W. H. Allen. £5.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about the Westmores, masters of Hollywood make-up whose names appeared on nearly a thousand credits, is their wholly English ancestry. Not all of them, in fact, troubled to become American citizens. George Westmore, registering father of the famous brothers, grew up in the Isle of Wight and established his first hairdressing business there in the 1890s. Their mother, a local barmaid, died young, having produced nineteen live children, seven of whom survived infancy. George married again to see his children cared for, but promptly abandoned himself, among other indulgences, to wild dreams of creating a hairdressing and wig-making empire which would be famous throughout the world; perhaps more important, he foresaw a time when all women would use his brand of facial make-up, thereby making him a millionaire.

At this time only prostitutes and actresses painted their faces, so it was on the influence of the latter that he pinned his faith. The silver screen was just coming to be accepted as a cheap form of entertainment for all classes, so he plainly work from its centre, Hollywood. Having no money, he began himself and his half-dozen family there by a zigzag route, dropping off wherever jobs were available. They reached Los Angeles in 1917, and George talked his way into a job with the Selig company where he had to promptly learn as well as actresses but no doubt claim to have started the first real make-up studio in the world. He had a long chance encounter with Rex Burke, who needed a wig in a hurry and praised his skills, but his demand throughout the movie business Adolphe Menjou demanded his services when half his famous mustache was cut off by mistake; Douglas Fairbanks would not willingly shoot a scene without his lift and he readily hit the headlights when he persuaded Rudolph Valentino to wash his greasy, slicked-back hair and abandon his heavy eyeshadow—actions which helped to turn Latin heavy into a woolly matinee idol.

By the mid-1920s the elder sons, inspired by George's success, were followed in their father's footsteps, and soon every big studio—even MGM had its Westmore in charge of make-up. Their skill and inventiveness were recognized early, and were given huge staffs to do the bidding, and the money rolled in; their bank account until they hardly knew how to spend it. By 1935 they spent some of it on the House of Westmore, a public beauty salon in the centre of Hollywood, and their cosmetics manufactured in expensive stores across America. The Westmores were known as high livers, powerful executives and confidants of the stars. But shadows also hung over the family. Success made the George vulnerable to all kinds of fancies and depressions, and he became impossible to work with; committed suicide in 1931 after becoming such a liability to the employer that the studios paid him his salary rather than have him around. Congenital heart disease carried off two of the brothers before they could enjoy the rewards of their labours; none of the others survived their sixties. Mental instability was evident, leading to freaks of jealousies, megalomania, alcoholism and attempted suicide. Of the them had fourteen wives between them. They all dissipated their fortunes, except one who became renowned for his meanness. The temperaments caused clashes on actors and studio heads. Individually they behaved like stars, and as a film-minded community they were stars.

This story is well told by the youngest brother, who, at twenty-one years younger than the eldest, is exempted from the acid remarks (though he has made three wives to date). Most of the brothers thought of him rather as a nephew, and having been sent from one unattractive boarding school to another he scarcely knew any of them until he reached his teens. He followed their professional calling, but seems to have profited by their private mistakes; at any rate he and his colleagues have produced a sensible, perspicuous, lively and lightly humorous, bulging with anecdotes and character sketches. Frank Westmore builds a vivid picture of a pleasantly impossible family, most of whose members actively disliked each other; at the same time he gives us unerringly through fifty years of Hollywood dreams, delusions and double-dealing; and he adds family memories for technical descriptions of difficult make-up jobs which are of more interest than one might imagine, as they range from Charles Laughton's "flesh-coloured back of Notre Dame" to the "feature from the Black Lagoon".

We discover why Claudette Colbert is photographed only from the left side, how Errol Flynn got drunk on fresh oranges, what W. C. Fields said when his nose exploded, why Shirley Maclaine's Japanese eyelids had to be fashioned from contraceptive, how Dietrich Lamour's too obviously male chest panzee friend was furnished with hairy black pants, what problems Clark Gable had with his dentures, how a false hand was made for Harold Lloyd to conceal his missing fingers, why George Kaft needed a corset, how thirty-four-year-old Ingrid Bergman was made to look like a teenager, why Jean Seberg was made to look like Robert Wagner's brother, and what happens when a mermaid has to go to the lavatory.

Come into my cloister

By Peter Conrad

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI:
Maude: Prose and Verse
Edited and Introduced by R. W. Crump
95pp. Archon Books. $7.50.

Christina Rossetti wrote about Maude, a religiose hypochondriac, at the age of twenty; the fragmentary story, in which chatty sociable prose alternates with morbid introspective verse, was published in 1897 with an apologetic preface by William Michael Rossetti, who excused the tale's self-pity by arguing that his sister was ironically exhibiting as "what she regarded as defects in her own character". Victim of an overturned cab, Maude is now resurrected, wearing all the apparatus of academic sanctity, her scrap of text extended by photographs of Christina's childishly regular handwriting, a uniform of textual and bibliographical scholarship, and an introduction by R. W. Crump which makes the claim that this juvenile curiosity "has affinities with . . . Byron's *Child* [sic] *Harold's Pilgrimage*, Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, and Tennyson's *Maud*".

Such affinities are no more than unremarkable coincidences. It is a bad habit of academic editors to act as promoters, indulging an entrepreneurial ambition on behalf of their texts. With a professional pushfulness, these editors coax innocent minor works to massquerade as major statements. Nevertheless, if protected from its editor's enthusiasm, *Maude* is not without interest. The form, sorting together prose and verse, is a symptom of youthful incompetence: W. M. Rossetti pleaded for indulgence for the prose, but thought that "for its verse the 'discreet' reader will suffice". However, the difference in quality and tone between the two halves of the story is also an indication of the doctrinal opposition in Romantic practice between prose, which busies itself with the distractions of common life, with the hellish realm occupied by "other people", and verse, the recourse of the suffering solitary, withdrawn from prosaic society.

Maude passes from the boisterous joviality of the novel, which forces her to participate in party games and twist her poetic inspiration into the improvisation of bouts rimés, to the cloistered quiet of poetry. The work begins with the bustling optimistic gregariousness of Maude's mother, contriving visits and outings for her neurasthenic daughter, but ends, having renounced narrative, with a posthumous selection of Maude's poems. The accident which precipitates Maude from the abrasive congestion of the novel to the enjoyably painful solipsism of poetry is perfunctorily treated, but here again Christina Rossetti's clumsiness may be significant.

The cab is overturned offstage, at the end of a chapter; Maude expires later with equally puzzling abruptness. Narrative has been deliberately suppressed: Maude's is a fortunate release from a life she finds harder to bear and more hateful than death, and while a novelist would conscientiously and circumstantially account for the accident, the poet welcomes it as a signal of a changed condition, ensuring for Maude the absolute lyrical passivity of the invalid, who demurely insists on "becoming weaker and weaker". Waiting to die, Maude writes to a friend asking for a novelistic diversion: "Mind you write me a full history of your grand doings on a certain occasion: not omitting a detailed account of the lovely bride, her appearance, department and toilet"; but for her part she has retired into the gloomy exercise of her poetic gift. Christina Rossetti's oblique treatment of death is an early case of what Isherwood, discussing Forster in *Lions and Shadows*, calls "tea-tabling", the novel's lyrical domestication of disaster: parenthetical deaths like those in Forster or Virginia Woolf reveal the novelist's determination to slight the eventfulness of his own action, because he is concerned with states of mind not movements of bodies.

The novel thrusts Maude into company; poetry is the refuge of her privacy, an image of retirement like the entry of her friend Magdalen Story into the Sisterhood of Mercy, which "was conducted quite privately; only her parents were admitted of the world". On the night of her death Maude shows her cousin a poem "which she wished me to read, but should "know why it was written", because poetry is the medium of private fears and forewarnings which must be guarded from the inquisitiveness of society. Nominating Agnes as her literary executor, Maude commands that her poems should perish with her, because she has entrusted to them emotions unfit "for general perusal", and Agnes burns all but three. A diary in which Maude's secret history of "folly, sin, vanity; and . . . true penitence also" is locked away "is placed unopened in the coffin.

Blood sisters

By Victoria Glendinning

PENELOPE SHUTTLE:
Rainsplitter in the Zodiac Garden
182pp. Marion Boyars. £4.95.

Rainsplitter in the Zodiac Garden must be read fast, with concentration and sympathy; if one does not cooperate, it disintegrates into a beerpage of fragmented images. There is a woman called Faustina who is pregnant by Micah: her attitude towards him is one of resentment, suspicion, and what he calls "jarring remoteness". There is also a woman called Anna whom Faustina loves; Anna loves Faustina's brother, who is killed in a car crash. This much can be deduced amid the tumult of Faustina's inner life, in which, the blurb explains, "she visualizes herself as many different women in many different times throughout history".

One needs to be told; for the women merge into one figure of desperate everywomen, trapped by unwieldy everyman and her own schizophrenically dislocated and locked in what Micah calls "the region of unintelligible games of sorrow". The unintelligible games of regression, dream, myth and ritual are expressed in imagery of clocks, moons, staircases, birds, ice, stones and, most incestuously, skin and blood.

Skin is a tarpaulin or a fruit skin, perhaps too easily discarded: "I must find my skin and slip back into it." Blood is Faustina's element; it clots her thoughts and seeps through every page of the novel: "I want to understand the uranography of blood." The vocabulary is exotic, but if the reader stops to wonder at "retiary" "brazy", "grownal", "ghossy" or "plausthaline" he risks missing the frail trail of associations and finding himself lost entirely.

It is not entertainment; and it is not poetry, although Penelope Shuttle has an established reputation as a poet and takes a poet's licence with language. Rather it is an invitation to trace the mythology of a mind that has left the scheduled tracks and timetables. This is where the difficulty arises. Faustina says with a characteristic mixture of ludicrousness and dignity:

> I will not wear nipple shields. I heard the orchard oriole in the rareripe season. I have seen metal moons, leaf jewels, velvet curtains, a candlenut tree with branches of granular ice. I hear the fog bell. I want to share my delusional dream. I am cold in my cloud chamber.

The trouble is that "delusional ideas" are by definition hard to share with the majority. Not that the author herself is locked in this dilemma: she sees what Micah sees when he looks at Faustina, and at the end allows Faustina a reunion to integrity, or identity. Penelope Shuttle is an uncompromising explorer, digging away in the moist rabbit-hole of the subconscious, hoping we can follow her. If she used her insights to illuminate the upper world she would win a wider readership, but that's a different matter.

Lessons in moderation

By Susannah Clapp

Introduction 6
224pp. Faber. £3.95.

Too often, introductions also mean epilogues—displays of rather dreary samplers. The five contributors to this volume may be cheered by the knowledge that this series ushered in Ted Hughes, Christopher Hampton and Tom Stoppard, but a large margin is left for neglect. Unfairly, since the individuals did not plan their collaboration, the stories rub off on each other to give some sense of a collection. All these writers are under forty, but none are infant prodigies. The overall impression is of moderation; there is little of the avant-garde; all tell stories, and most tell them in a competent and not unpredictable way.

John Ashatis provides the most distinctive. "Funkcap" begins with an equation: an obscure Edinburgh researcher claims to have formulated a theory which outbids Einstein. A garrulous philosopher starts filling up notebooks and steaming up hills with excitement; a thrashingly romantic wife plans elopement; her husband plans his own academic ascent by promoting the other man's theory—"Let us meet together. It will be quite Greek." The demish pipings are cleverly orchestrated as the story dips in and out of metaphysics and quibbles to the end with the diabolical. It is neat and funny and asks for dramatization. It is the stuff of radio plays—which is more than such plays usually are.

The only actual play included in the collection reads as if written for a specific occasion. John Mackendrick's "Who'll Be Next and Who'll be Lucky?" has a general air of dispatch, but too many routines for university wags to do much more than jig on the spot. It also suffers—on the page but probably not on the stage—from being set in a fairground: the too easily inferred references to the tawdriness of life and so forth indicate an unhelpful and unspecific significance.

Two of the writers are gripped by particular places. Thomas Healy's tale, of Glasgow slum-dwellers read like snatches from an inner-city documentary. Boys are battered in narrow alleys, wives felled by drunken husbands, priests platitudinize and relatives die with aggressive unexpectedness. The incidents occasioning the stories are small and discontinuous, the sort of minor shocks and discoveries which are generally held to be part of growing up: the pinched bleakness of their setting locks them into some kind of process. Mr Healy stumbles into some of the larger sentimentalities—a girl blossoms into the promise of womanhood; a bullying father, moved by his son's admiration, lurches into a formulation of their relationship—but his observation is straightforward and he deals well with the unremitting repetitiveness of much of his characters' lives. He's hampered only by occasional swerves towards the folksy: inversions and ellipses distract from the point.

Guilt in torrid zones forms the basis of Victor Kelleher's obsession with place. His African stories are solid, first-person narratives in which well-intentioned, comfortably conservative Europeans are jolted against African lives, disconcerted, and made rather gloomily aware of their equivocal position. Concentrating on one encounter or a single figure—one night in an African compound, with an unknown woman; a mysterious missionary African torn between village tradition and his Bible—these stories unravel without many surprises. The threat of a moral—of some general deduction—is always there; and all his stories would profit from the loss of their final paragraphs which resolve careful narratives too easily.

The thumping home of points is not Jim Crace's problem. Deliberately haggling, his stories run the risk of skittering away in a series of sidelong shrugs. It is a risk he mostly avoids; partly because his fantasies are engaging; some of their quality simmers in particularly disarming titles—"Annie, California Plates", "Helter Skelter, Hang Sorrow, Care'll Kill a Cat". The accurateness of the quips helps too.

Out-Amining Amin

By Patrick McCarthy

PATRICK GRAINVILLE:
Les Flamboyants
374pp. Paris: Seuil. 45fr.

Patrick Grainville has been awarded the Prix Goncourt for *Les Flamboyants*, a prize which he should have won in 1973 for a very different novel, *Le Lisière*. There he wrote about three couples in a provincial French town, and described their love-making, both clinically and lyrically, both mechanically and metaphorically. The most successful character was Claire, wife of the writer Paulin, who kept telling us that novelists are abnormal megalomaniacs and that language invents gods and demons where none actually exist.

In *Les Flamboyants* M. Grainville seems to have ignored Claire's irony. He has left Nancy and travelled to a stupendously luxuriant Africa, which he evokes in 300 dense pages. The hero, William Overlaï, is a parody of Conrad's white heroes who succumb to the mystery of the tropics. He comes to Yali, country of primeval forests and skyscrapers, ruled over by the mad king Tokor. Tokor, who makes General Amin seem dull, surrounds himself with epileptics, has Mirage planes as fetishes and intoxicates himself with the unearthly cries of the other man's theory—"Let us meet together. It will be quite Greek." The demish pipings are cleverly orchestrated as the story dips in and out of metaphysics and quibbles to the end with the diabolical. It is neat and funny and asks for dramatization. It is the stuff of radio plays—which is more than such plays usually are.

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The rise of the radiant prince

By Earl Miner

MURASAKI SHIKIBU:
The Tale of Genji
Translated by E. G. Seidensticker
2 volumes
1090pp. Secker and Warburg. £15.

Nearly a millennium after its completion (c 1010), the *Genji Monogatari* now appears in its second English version, much anticipated and well worth the wait. Only acquaintance with the original allows appreciation of the magnitude of this achievement, but readers entirely without Japanese will now be able to see *The Tale of Genji* whole in English for the first time. They can also see it more clearly than in the earlier version by Arthur Waley, whose scholarly sources were fewer and whose methods smacked of benign imperialism. The hours of study, reflection, experiment, and execution E. G. Seidensticker required for his translation had long since turned into years. At last, without prepublication of any part, we have his splendid version whole.

Here is the world's first true masterpiece of prose fiction. If the silly notion that the Japanese are a nation of adapters rather than creators were not disproved by the vast of classical Japanese literature, this one work would suffice. Only centuries later would the Chinese manage something comparable to *The Tale of Genji*. Europe also lagged. For that matter this great work has by no means negligible Japanese predecessors taking us back step by step to an oral tradition combining prose narrative and lyrics. The author herself draws such connections, even while writing a work of such importance as to transcend previous examples. Setting aside the question of whether other hands were involved in some of the fifty-four chapters or in revision, this is not simply a great narrative work. It is as well the greatest literary creation by a woman, the most outstanding in an age and country with many important female authors.

Readers often take *The Tale of Genji* as a novel of love, while sensing that there is more to it than that. One aspect of that more is an intense realization of a world at once precious and insubstantial: *mono no aware*. Another, basic to modern criticism, is founded on Ikeda Kikan's largely Buddhist analysis, which involves a distinction between three parts of the work. In the first thirty-seven chapters we observe Genji the Radiant rising in the world from son of an inconspicuous royal concubine to effective ruler of the land. These events are set some five decades before the rise of Murakami (r 946-67). In this part Genji suffers a period of disgrace but returns to court amid increasing power and splendour. His life gains definition through love and a poetic vitality: by relations with numerous women, and through art.

Most of the chapters, many of the women, and some of the men take their names from poems. Poetry and the other arts do not decorate or enhance life. They define it. Genji is master of the art of life, but others exemplify it as well. It is no accident that numerous episodes deal explicitly with art. These include not only the famous section on prose fiction in the "Picture" chapter but others as early as the second chapter, in which art is introduced to clarify understanding of love. Near the end a long chapter defines the place of Ukifune, the last heroine, in a world of story and illusion. (This is "Poetic Composition," which Seidensticker and Waley inadequately term "Writing Practice.")

In the second section of the story, ending with Genji's last appearance in the forty-first chapter, Genji's art enables him to define the indefinables of his life. As Kenneth Jinichi put it, Genji confronts a dark abyss as he comes to learn the grim workings of the Buddhist Law (where the beloved Murasaki dies) (the author gained new abysses from this heroine), he spends a year of restlessness, finding himself for the first time. That chapter uses reflection and the poetic topics of a year to show him acquiring a real understanding of himself: art defines life to the end, so that suffering and its beauty will be made clear.

The last third gives the story of Genji's descendants. Although its initial three chapters pose some problems of authorship, the wonderful final ten show Genji's sons—one real and one putative—demonstrating the Buddhist sense of insubstantial existence, while the woman entangled in both their lives, Ukifune, achieves a degree of religious and personal peace at a mountain temple. The last chapter has two appropriate titles. The usual one, "The Floating Bridge of Dreams", tremulously connects lovers and spans the gulf between the illusions of this world and enlightenment. The alternative, "Priest of the Law", provides the standard of judgment. "Dream" in Japanese literature and "Law" in Buddhism combine meanings to enrich the art of life with tragedy and with a beauty whose illumination enables us to comprehend misunderstanding.

The author's art is evident in the sustaining of so lengthy a narrative and in the presence of nearly 800 *tanka* poems sent, spoken, or thought—not to mention allusions to others, to songs, and to Chinese verse. Historically, the development of narrative out of lyrics set in prose contexts led to an essentially lyric view. The author believes, and her writing demonstrates that one expresses because one is moved. To be human is to be moved to art. For that matter, the songs of animals and utterances of divinities show the centrality of art to life.

The author's incomparable prose style plays an essential role in making these principles come to life. It is governed not by parallelism, periodic units, or by sentences, but by sequences with conventions of beginning and ending. Tamagami Takuya's edition honours something of that flow by using only commas and the breaks between units glossed in his elaborate twelve volumes. The style takes on its special character partly by omitting for the most part reference to characters by name or by personal nouns, whether as grammatical topics, subjects, or objects. By such means, the author is able to enter into, depart from, or represent the thoughts of her characters, at one moment commenting in the narrator's voice, at another quoting a character, at yet another paraphrasing a character's inner expression. Editors differ in declining whether given words are thought, spoken, or otherwise represented. Sometimes centuries of effort—of an industry like that devoted to Shakespeare—have failed to clarify what is meant. The style has great flexibility and difficulty than any other that is also natural, as if it had the complexity of the later Joyce with the purity of the earlier. Its range of effect is handsome, differing as poetry does from what Western readers expect of prose fiction.

Obviously no reader or translator of a work of this dimension can exhaust the meanings of the original. The translator must put into one language what involves the maximum realization of another, and what has taken on accumulated meanings in centuries of interpretation. Waley approached the problem with a self-confidence that now seems arrogance, although he honoured the integrity of this work more than he did that of *The Western Scenery*, its *Monkey*. Seidensticker does not drop whole passages, poems, and a whole chapter as did his predecessor. He does, however, consolidate and ceaselessly simplify the syntax. The improvement is as difficult to illustrate as it is impossible to resist. Waley's version is wonderful for creating an atmosphere, a sense of the whole; it is Seidensticker's triumph to excel Waley in just that essential particular.

Two examples must suffice. Seidensticker has brilliantly solved the problem of rendering the sequential flow of the original. Waley, who thrives on long, flying brushlike swatches of prose paragraphing, Seidensticker breaks the prose into numerous smaller units, so giving for more of the sense of ceaseless flow. This decision testifies to his insight into what modern English can do for classical Japanese and what it cannot. There is also his answerable style, ever supple and alert. Seidensticker's interest in Ivy Compton-Burnett has shown him how "he" and "she" can bear unusual burdens. By some miracle, they also give a sense of the original, where verbs and adjectives and noun-images dominate and the equivalents of pronouns are used sparingly.

These features relate to the second virtue of the translation, clarity. The coloured shadows of Waley's version are not altogether inappropriate. Seidensticker enables us to behold the shadows but also to see what lies within. We discover a sharper focus, a clearer sense of what goes on, a world richer in distinct people, behaviour, customs, clothes, and everyday things. Even the warts of the radiant prince, and we see his radiance better. The effort required to achieve such clarity will only excite the admiration of anyone with the temerity to rival Seidensticker.

No translator will please every way. Seidensticker does it better than Waley with the poetry and not just because he includes them all. But he does not translate poetry as well as he translates prose. What is rather more serious, his clarity has the effect of smoothing out the original. Of course this is part of what we must call of Seidensticker *Tale of Genji*, but it does eliminate much of the subtle shifting, the easy grading of tone from the disturbing to the sensitive, from serious to sexual, from humorous to moral. One example will show something of this. In the second chapter, Uma no Kami is pronouncing on love, as "a dedicated student of his subject", in Seidensticker. The original has a touch ironic wit reminding one of Jane Austen, something more like "the Uma no Kami, having appointed himself Doctor of Human Affairs" ("Uma no kami monosadamo no hakase ni narite"). One could fuss over other such matters, and over some lines. This translator's minor errors signify little. As Dr Johnson said, correction is easy: creation or re-creation is the difficult thing.

Here is something that can be recommended to all in the confidence that its greatness is represented by the translation. We can only hope that the publication of this handsome edition soon turns a profit and brings out a paperback version in three or four volumes, so that the widest possible audience is reached for what is justly regarded as the greatest work of Japanese literature.

In an age distinguished by many excellent literary translations, we have cause to rejoice over the revival of such classics as the *Nibelungenlied* in A. T. Hatto's fine version (The *Nibelungenlied* post-dates *The Tale of Genji* by about two centuries. I shall let others compare the two degrees of civilization involved.) There are also many excellent translations of Japanese work including others by Professor Seidensticker. Yet it is particularly fitting that the Japanese government should have bestowed its annual translation prize upon the new *Tale of Genji*, which will surely be a competitor for various important American prizes: no one needs to know. As for the translation, it is often uncompromising with regard to English; consequently there are problems of clarity that make the reading hard going. On the other hand, it is to read simultaneously with the Chinese text one can appreciate at what lengths Professor Mather has gone to render the original as faithfully as possible. For the student of Chinese, this book provides all the necessary help to cope with the difficult but very rewarding text of the original.



The courtesan Yosooi of Matsubo-ro writing a love-letter, by Utamaro (1753-1806), one of the master-designers of the Ukiyo-e print who made the greatest impression on Westerners who first came across Japanese art in the late nineteenth century, when Henri Vever began his great collection: from Jack Hillier's magnificent Japanese Prints and Drawings from the Vever Collection *(3 volumes: 1,034 pp. Limited edition of 2,000 copies. Sotheby Parke Bernet. £85 the set).*

World-talk new-account

By Tao Tao Sanders

LIU I-CH'ING:
A New Account of Tales of the World
Commentary by Liu Chün
Translated with introduction and notes by Richard B. Mather
726pp. University of Minnesota Press.

Imagine a society under the threat of extinction from political coups and interminable wars, its people well-born, cultivated and assertive, among them a keen observer of human behaviour, writing and gathering anecdotes about them, and you will have some idea of the matter in this book translated from the Chinese by Richard B. Mather. *A New Account of Tales of the World* (*Shih-shuo Hsin-yü*: "world-talk new-account") was produced in the fifth century. It is a collection of over twelve hundred anecdotes and covers the period roughly an 120-420, which was a time of great upheavals and intellectual ferment in China. Collected together these tales present a vivid if one-sided account of a sophisticated yet vigorous world.

The Han Empire that fell in 220 had ruled with a centralised bureaucracy and state ideology for about four hundred years, bearing a resemblance to the Roman Empire, with which it was almost contemporaneous. The gradual disintegration of central control produced political chaos, but it gave more freedom to the individual, released energy in new directions in thought, literature and the arts, and admitted new ideas such as Buddhism.

Not surprisingly there arose a number of colourful characters who made excellent material for anecdotes. For instance, there was one Liu Ling (d after 265), one of a group of formidable dilettanes known as the "Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove", equally well known for their uninhibited style of living. Liu Ling was very fond of drinking, and once when drunk he took off all his clothes. When his friends laughed at him, he said: "I take heaven and earth to be my house, and this room to be my trousers, what are you gentlemen doing in my trousers?" Many anecdotes in this book are about this elite group, capping each other's witticisms and putting lesser, vulgar people to shame.

All this was going on against a background of intense power struggles, in which failure meant death not only for oneself but for one's whole family and associates. One of the virtues extolled in this book is that of calmness in the face of good fortune or disaster, the outward sign of inward invulnerability. One story tells of K'ung Jung (153-208), once a minister, executed for allegedly slandering the ruler. At his arrest his family was panic-stricken, but his two young sons who were playing a game continued to play without showing any signs of agitation. As their father begged for them to be spared, one boy spoke up calmly: "Father, would you expect to find any unbroken eggs left under an overturned nest?"

The *Shih-shuo Hsin-yü* is one of the earliest collections of anecdotes surviving. The anecdote has always been a form of writing favoured by the Chinese, classified as *hsiao-shuo* in relation to the classics or history, but an accepted form of recreation for the intelligent well-bred man. Other collections from about the same time, mainly tales of marvels or of the supernatural, are considered the precursor of Chinese fiction, which developed quite some time later. The *Shih-shuo*, however, with its psychological insight and its witty style, has always been a class of its own. It has been particularly admired by successive generations of literati, and spawned dots on the model of the *Shih-shuo* remained a well-loved literary form.

Professor Mather's book contains a great deal more than just the translation of the text; it is a veritable encyclopaedia of commentary and explanatory footnotes, with a biographical index and a bibliography almost everything you need to know. As for the translation, it is often uncompromising with regard to English; consequently there are problems of clarity that make the reading hard going. On the other hand, it is to read simultaneously with the Chinese text one can appreciate at what lengths Professor Mather has gone to render the original as faithfully as possible. For the student of Chinese, this book provides all the necessary help to cope with the difficult but very rewarding text of the original.

The path of the polymath

By Fergus Millar

ARNALDO MOMIGLIANO:
Quinto contributo alla storia degli studi classici e del mondo antico
2 volumes
1,053pp. Rome: Edizioni di storia e letteratura.

That Arnaldo Momigliano is a phenomenon could not be denied by anyone concerned with the ancient world, its intellectual heritage, or the development of historiography within it or about it. If we start with the crudest of criteria, there are the 482 items (excluding a large number of encyclopedia articles) in his bibliography for the period up to July 1968, listed in his *Quarto Contributo* (1969). More significant than their sheer quantity is the fact that these works display an unequalled range, from archaic Greece and the origins of Rome through all periods of Antiquity up to the sixth century, and, in the history of scholarship and historiography, from the early Renaissance to the present day. It is perfectly safe to assert that no one else in the world today has a comparable range of knowledge.

But, far more significant still, Momigliano succeeds in maintaining, over all this range, an immediate grasp of the original sources, and a capacity to evoke the milieu from which each arises, while simultaneously questioning and explaining. No one else among classical scholars could have set out so vividly the background and life of Jacob Bernays (pages 127-58); or have used for this the memoirs of Elizabeth, Queen of Romania, who as a child knew Bernays; or have been able to ask, without presuming to decide (pages 144-5), what influence might have been exerted by Bernays, the great interpreter of Aristotle's theory of *catharsis*, on the intellectual development of his niece's husband, Sigmund Freud.

A phenomenon, certainly. Just what sort of phenomenon, how important and how influential in the development of the subject—or, potentially, many subjects—is another question, to which no clear answer can yet be given. Nor indeed can we be very confident that anyone will ever produce for Momigliano an intellectual biography as sympathetic and perceptive as he has done for others (e.g. the sketch of Gaetano De Sanctis on pages 179-97), or even only hope that he will one day write his own. None the less, perhaps an interim judgment may help, even if it is not a very refined example of that evocation of consciousness about intellectual influences on ourselves as well as on others, which is one of Momigliano's own chief purposes.

Given that it is always worth beginning, it must be said (as he admits himself in the introduction to this one) that the arrangement of the *Contributi* does not help as much as it might have. It is clear enough that when the first collection appeared as *Contributo alla storia degli studi classici* (1955), it was not firmly intended that there should be a series covering all of his work. Like the first, the *Secondo Contributo alla storia degli studi classici* (1960) was expressly a selection, whose preface offers the clearest brief summary which Momigliano has given of his own principles of work: "my triple effort (a) to study the leading ideas of ancient political and historical thought, in relation to the developments of successive periods; (b) to contribute to the deepening of modern historical thought; (c) to use the perceptions thus acquired as a stimulus to rigorous new researches and as a restraint on those adventurous syntheses and those excessively clever conjectures which are a recurrent bane of classical studies."

These are valid and worthwhile aims, even if the reader may ask exactly what researches have been stimulated or what conjectures restrained by these very widespread essays. By the third consideration, of 1966, these limits had been abandoned, as is reflected in the new title, *Terzo Contributo alla storia degli studi classici e del mondo antico*, retained for the *Quarto Contributo* (1969) and the present two volumes. A shift is clearly envisaged, and it seems, though it is nowhere explicitly stated, that we are on the way to a complete collection of Momigliano's essays, articles and reviews.

The effect of this somewhat haphazard growth has been that each *Contributo* has represented a series of loose groupings, sometimes chronological, more often thematic, in which the reader may dip with infinite pleasure and profit, but in which he cannot follow any continuous thread. Thus the double volume under review contains five sections: history of historiography; historical interpretations; analyses devoted to the reconstruction of events; analyses of sources; and reviews and appreciations, including (pages 1035-72) the remarkable obituary notice of Eduard Fraenkel, stressing Jewish aspects of his thought and outlook which others (wrongly, in my view) have mostly regarded as peripheral.

The effect of this assemblage of themes is to some degree confusing. For instance, while the contributions to the history of historiography are all recent, the "historical interpretations" take us as far back as an article on Alexander's expedition to Egypt, published in 1929, when its author was twenty-one. For my part, this is where I would have liked the series to start. *Contributi* organized on strictly chronological lines would have enabled us to follow a more than remarkable intellectual biography, beginning with an article and a review on the Hellenistic poet Lycophron, published in 1928.

The early articles were largely on Hellenistic or Classical Greek history or literature. In 1930 (aged twenty-two) Momigliano published his first monograph, on the historical traditions relating to the Maccabean revolt, quickly followed by *L'opera dell' Imperatore Claudio* (1932) and *Filippo il Macedone* (1934). But it was the first which was most significant, as initiating his long series of discussions of the encounter of the Jews with the Graeco-Roman world; the latest, but certainly not the last, is chapters 4 to 7 of *Alien Wisdom: the Limits of Hellenization* (1975).

Through the 1930s there followed a vast series of articles and reviews covering Roman history and the modern historiography of the ancient world, as well as Greek, Hellenistic and Jewish history. One did not appear—"Hybris Pater" (*Terzo Contributo*, pages 609-39), printed for *Rivista di Filologia Classica* 1938, but not included in it because of the new radicher issue. Hence came Momigliano's departure to England in 1939, a drastic experience vividly reflected in his introduction (*Terzo Contributo*, pages 729-37) to the Italian translation (1962) of Sir Ronald Syme's *The Roman Revolution*, a book which had been published just after the outbreak of war in September 1939.

It would be foolish and inappropriate to attempt to estimate the effects of this transfer to England, and the personal, cultural and linguistic dislocation which it involved. On a simple plane we may observe that, as against his immense production of the preceding years, in 1939 Momigliano published nothing. On paper the linguistic barrier was overcome with remarkable speed, in the shape of four reviews in English in the *Journal of Roman Studies* in 1940. Ever since then, apart from occasional excursions into French or German, he has written in either Italian or English at will, using the latter in a sharp, clear and sensitive manner which makes him, at his best, one of the foremost exponents of expository or analytical style in English (second only to Sir Ernst Gombrich, one might say). English speech rhythms are another matter: I recall with embarrassment hearing him talk for some minutes about a character apparently called "Aldo Ligar", of whom I was clearly supposed to know, before it turned out to be a figure familiar to every schoolboy who studies Greek history, the "Old Oligarch".

That might symbolize a deeper dislocation. Momigliano arrived in England, recognized indeed as an established scholar, but neither old enough nor sufficiently established to impose himself on his own terms (like, say, Fraenkel, who had succeeded to the Corpus Chair of Latin in Oxford in 1935). This had lasting practical consequences. His first regular and permanent academic post in England was to be a Lectureship at Bristol in 1947 made into a Readership in 1949, and followed by the Chair of Ancient History at University College London, in which he succeeded A. H. M. Jones in 1951.

More important still was the move into a quite different cultural tradition. He arrived as the brilliant former pupil of Gaetano De Sanctis in Turin, and more generally as the product of a rich intellectual environment, not yet entirely deadened by Fascism, over which the great figure of Benedetto Croce presided. How far Momigliano would see himself as a follower of Croce I cannot determine. But it seems clear that his ever-recurrent interest in the intellectual backgrounds of modern historians of the ancient world, and the set of presumptions and conceptions which each brought to the interpretation of antiquity, must owe something to Croce's philosophy of history. So he seemed to have no intellectual background, to belong to no intellectual tradition or school, and to be profoundly unconscious of what questions they were asking, and why. Witness his confession in the introduction to the Italian translation of *The Roman Revolution*, mentioned above, that he has not been able to see the roots of Syme's intellectual development. An earlier attempt to do so, in his review of Syme's *Tacitus* in *Gnomon*, 1961, (*Terzo Contributo*, pages 738-44), by reading Namier as Syme's essential model ("ohne Namier als Vorgänger ist Syme nicht zu denken") had been simply misdirected; for when he wrote *The Roman Revolution* Syme had not read Namier.

This sense of bafflement has occasionally emerged in exasperation, as in his splendid remark in reviewing C. Hignett's *Xerxes' Invasion* for the *English Historical Review* (1965), that this is "next to *Zulcika Dobson*, the best book about Oxford"—meaning that it combined a mastery of the material with a total absence of self-consciousness as to the choice of the subject or the wider issues involved in approaching it. The truth is indeed that, unless an unrestricted diet of Latin and Greek prose, topped in later life with whatever variety of philosophy was in vogue in Oxford, is to count as an intellectual heritage, most English ancient historians of this century have simply not had such a thing. It was only to be expected that when they came to history they should see their task as the application of what is known as "judgment" to the solution of factual problems.

It is not that Momigliano is, or even has been, tempted to despise the basic task of wrestling with our sources and extracting a meaning from them. On the contrary, it is precisely his preoccupation with finding and applying valid criteria for the interpretation of historical traditions in the ancient world which has been the guiding theme of his work. A clear line leads from the (inevitably) immature paper of 1929 on the Athenian expedition to Egypt (pages 121-21)—with its overconfident ascription of differences of detail between Thucydides and Ephorus to differences in the (hypothetical) political circumstances in which each wrote—to (for instance) all his late work on the origins of the Roman Republic (a classic example of controlled exploitation of individual items of evidence here, pages 293-332). The same is true of his monograph, *The Development of Greek Biography* (1971), in origin a series of lectures, with its companion-piece "Second Thoughts on Greek Biography" reprinted here (pages 33-47). But of course, as many have written before,

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we await as the crown of his achievement the published version of his Sather lectures of 1962, *The Classical Foundations of Modern Historiography*, the book which no-one but Momigliano could have set out to write.

This is, for many obvious reasons, neither the place nor the time to attempt any real judgment on his work. For one thing it is still developing, not least under the valuable stimulus which a stream of invitations to deliver lecture-series offers these days to famous professors who might otherwise feel themselves tempted to relax. In London, for instance, he is giving during January the Lord Northcliffe lectures, on Hellenistic Judaism. Few men can have approached the fiftieth anniversary of their first publication still so vigorously at grips with their subject-matter.

None the less, we can begin to ask what it all amounts to. Where will Momigliano stand in relation (say) to Mommsen, Edouard Meyer, Beloch, Rostovtzeff or Syme? At the level of the main stream of historical thought (in the broadest sense) his knowledge is both wider and more detailed than any of theirs, extending as it does into the modern era. As a *scholar*, as a man who has read, analysed and understood other men's books, perhaps only Rudolf Pfeiffer among contemporaries could stand comparison with him; but Momigliano's work displays the greater wit, imagination and brilliance of touch. All the same, Pfeiffer's *History of Classical Scholarship*, especially Volume I (1968), covering the ancient world, represents a massive and sustained achievement so far unparalleled in Momigliano's work.

That, notoriously, is what presents us with our difficulty. History as an intellectual discipline, though amply in need of methodological discussion, critical analysis and debate, does not in fact tend to advance by these means, but by example; by the presentation of substantial new structures which surprise and impress other practitioners, and inspire them to imitation, rivalry or (eventually) to critical reaction; Braudel's *The Mediterranean* and Bloch's *Feudal Society* are obvious examples.

We could not ask of Momigliano massive histories of "events", or even locally based social histories. But one longs for a single major book on a concentrated theme to which one could return as a model; on the evidence of his own work the possibilities are limitless—for instance the historical traditions on Early Rome; Herodotus; Timaeus; Eusebius; the absorption of classical culture into Christianity; and perhaps most of all, to my mind, that immense wealth of mythological, historical and ethnographic material from Classical and Hellenistic writers which Diodorus of Sicily collected, to some degree digested, and welded together to form his *Library of History*. This work is the main thread on which our knowledge of the ancient world in the first millenium BC hangs, and only Momigliano has the equipment to explain it to us.

The odds must be, however, that apart from the still-awaited *Classical Foundations* the corpus of Momigliano's work will consist of a number of monographs, and of the immense collection of notes, essays, debates, reviews and surveys contained in his *Contributi*, which in range and in sheer volume exceed anything produced by any other living ancient historian. Just how important they will be in the history of the subject cannot yet be perceived; for this will depend to a large degree on what work by others they prove to have stimulated. One cannot avoid the fear that their sheer diffusion will limit the impact of the unique blend of learning, brilliance and perception contained in them.

Nor can anyone who simply reads through the bibliography in the *Quarto Contributo* fail to see the profound and ineradicable effects of the tragedies of the 1930s and 1940s. No one can now say what would have been the full contribution of a Momigliano whom events had allowed to develop undisturbed in Turin, to which he would have returned as Professor of Ancient History in 1938. It is a modest consolation, but a real one, to move from the first *Contributo*, dedicated to the memory of his parents who died in a Nazi concentration camp, to this, the fifth, dedicated "in gratitude and pride" to University College London.

But if the British academic community has given something, it has gained a great deal in return. For, in implying that important historical work must ultimately consist of large structures of facts, is one not exhibiting precisely that complacent, unselfconscious empiricism, that assumption that we do not need to ask ourselves how and why we came to wish to pursue our present objectives in the subject, in which it has been Momigliano's essential purpose to instil doubt, self-consciousness and self-criticism? Whatever may prove to be the importance of his innumerable individual works—of which the most significant is yet to come—he has at least contributed to us all not only an awareness of the feeble parochialism of our knowledge, but a permanent unease as to what we are doing as historians, and why.

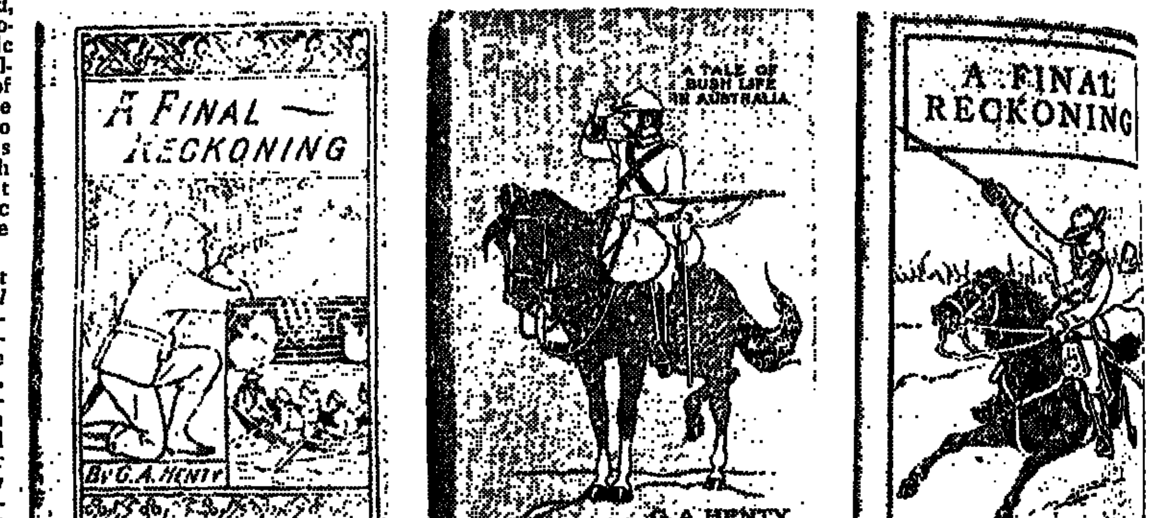
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JOHN MURRAY



Formidable front covers of early editions of Henty's A Final Reckoning, *published (left) by A. L. Burt and (right) by the Marshon Co, c 1900 both in New York; and (centre) by Blackie, who were also the publishers of the first edition in 1887. From* A Bibliography of Australian Children's Books *Volume 1, by Marcie Muir (554pp. André Deutsch. £17.50).*

Flying Dutchmen

By C. R. Boxer

GUNTER SCHILDER :
Australia Unveiled
Translated by Olaf Richter
420pp. Amsterdam : Theatrum Orbis Terrarum. Fl 170.

Although no indication is given of the fact on the title-page, the introduction explains that this book is primarily a study of the period of Dutch involvement in the discovery of Australia, 1606-1644. It thus ends with the voyages of Tasman and their cartographical representation down to 1700, but does not include the expedition of De Vlamingh in 1696-97, which is the subject of another work by the author, in course of publication by the Linschoten Society in Holland.

There is an extensive literature in Dutch and English on the discovery and cartography of Australia, of which it will suffice to mention the bilingual work of J. E. Heeres, *The Part Borne by the Dutch in the Discovery of Australia, 1606-1765* (1899); A. Sharp, *The Discovery of Australia* (1963), and *The Voyages of Abel Janszoon Tasman* (1968); W. C. H. Robert, *The Dutch Exploration of the N. and N. W. Coast of Australia* (1973). It is therefore pertinent to ask whether there is any need for another (and expensive) work in this well-tilled field, in which no sensational finds have come to light during the last decade—if we except the discovery and exploitation of the wrecks of several Dutch (and one English) East-Indiamen off the coast of West Australia. The answer, I feel, is a slightly qualified "yes".

If Gunter Schilder has not been able to produce anything startlingly new, he has compiled a meticulously documented and lavishly illustrated survey of the relevant Dutch voyages and their antecedents. He has also elucidated very clearly the cartographical progress made in recording these voyages down to the end of the seventeenth century. The most valuable part of the book is the second part, reproducing eighty-eight maps (or portions of maps) with a brief but penetrating commentary on the page facing each one. The reader is thereby enabled to see how the notion of a "great South-land" developed from the time of classical antiquity until the partial publication of the results of Tasman's voyages. When the map under notice has been previously reproduced, as in the great majority of instances, reference is made to that fact as well as to the source of the present reproduction. Only a very few are reproduced for the first time and they do not add anything sensational. If one agrees with Lord Salisbury's injunction to "use large maps", Heeres's massive volume of 1899 has a more suitable format. Still, the reproductions in *Australia Unveiled* are on the whole very satisfactory, although the smaller scale used has resulted in details being lost or obscured in some instances.

The results of the voyages of 1606-44, and for that matter those of De Vlamingh's expedition of 1696-97 which penetrated farther into the interior than any other, were inevitably disappointing to their sponsors when they were organized; or to the casual discoverers when they were not. Either the coast was rocky, barren, and uninviting, or the natives were hostile, or both. Tasman, despite his touching briefly at what are now Tasmania and New Zealand, missed the vital openings of the Torres Strait, the Bass Strait, and the Cook Strait, although he was just outside them in each instance. Still, even if the Dutch had discovered the more attractive east coast of Australia before Captain Cook, as their historians have always lamented they did not, as does Dr Schilder in their wake, it is very doubtful if they would—or could—have done anything with it. The directors of the East India Company "of laudable and redoubtable name", had similar scope for agriculture and stock-raising in the hinterland of the Cape of Good Hope from 1652 onwards. They were not looking for territory suitable for sheep-runs and for cattle ranges, but for land with precious metals and more tractable natives than the Australian aborigines. There was "gold in them thar hills", but no chance of finding it before the nineteenth century.

Australia Unveiled is excellently produced and the translation from the German by Olaf Richter reads very smoothly. The unavoidably high price puts it out of reach of the average reader, but it can confidently be recommended as a justifiable purchase for institutional libraries concerned with the history of Australia and the development of cartography.

The middle way

By Dan Davin

JUDITH BASSETT :
Sir Harry Atkinson 1831-1892
196pp. Auckland University Press. £8.75.

New Zealand politics in the twenty years between 1870 and 1890 were amoeba-like: the division into two major parties had still to become clear-cut. The situation had something in common with the politics of eighteenth-century England and it was perhaps with some such thought in mind that W. H. Oliver once observed, of this period, that its "parliamentary evolutions await the attention of a New Zealand Namier".

Judith Bassett is unlikely to have thought of herself in such a role but her new biography of Sir Harry Atkinson is certainly the kind of contribution of which he would have approved: a biography, prosopography even, which is not only a sympathetic and convincing account of a life but which illuminates the whole political background against which Atkinson lived and moved.

Atkinson was born and brought up in Cheshire, in a cultivated and tolerant middle-class family whose younger members were restless to find new scenes and new scope for their energies, ideals and sense of creative duty. He emigrated, along with others of the clan, to Taranaki. In a few hard but slogging years he had hacked a successful farm out of the bush and established, along with siblings and cousins and a wife, a firm base of difficult prosperity. He was one of those Victorians the circumference of whose self-interest was not quite large enough to accommodate their sense of public duty and who were able to pursue political power in the full and almost perfect confidence that their overriding motive was the good of others. So it was almost inevitable that he should enter local politics, "to speak for the bush", and move from this narrower sphere in due course to the politics of the nascent nation in the General Assembly.

Between his first election to the General Assembly in 1861 and his return in 1872 there was an interval for other kinds of duty—nearly ten years in which the country and Taranaki in particular had to endure the tragic distraction of the Maori War, in which Atkinson took part with some distinction.

When he returned to the General Assembly in 1872, the major political issues were beginning to clarify: Who was to own land, how much of it and on what terms? Was development best pursued through competing provincial councils or through a centralized government? Where was the money for development to come from? Was it to be generated at home or borrowed from abroad and, either way, how was it to be shared out among the greedy, scrambling provinces? What was to be the relation between the state and the various sections of the people, especially the growing working class? Was poverty to be dealt with from the premises of laissez-faire or by policies of deliberate welfare?

In the following twenty years the dominant figures in New Zealand politics were on the whole men whose approach to these problems was determined by their social and family background, their temperaments and personal ambitions, and their electoral obligations to this or that group of supporters, rather than by any coherent and consistent body of political doctrine or a clear party base of theory, whether of the left or the right, as we might now say. A man might be "liberal" on one issue but "conservative" on another, and groups formed ad hoc empirically and pragmatically, as one or another public issue became pressing.

One such dominant figure was Atkinson, dominant rather by virtue of other people's sense of his integrity and his own enormous capacity for work—he was, as Judith Bassett shows, the first of New Zealand's full-time politicians. Basically, he was a man of the middle, usually able to see both sides of a question, even if on the whole he leaned towards caution and "conservatism", especially in questions of finance. This combination of objectivity and a desire for thorough reconnaissance before moving forward at times meant that he had exasperated opponents on either side of him but, since he also believed in getting done whatever had to be done and not worrying unduly who got the credit for it, he was a man who was trusted and it was fundamentally for this reason that he thrice became Premier of New Zealand.

S/he stoops to conquer

By Larzer Ziff

JUDITH FRYER :
The Faces of Eve
294pp. Oxford University Press. £6.95.

SUSAN P. CONRAD :
Perish the Thought
292pp. Oxford University Press. £7.50.

DOROTHY WEIL :
In Defense of Women
204pp. Penn State University Press. £8.70.

In America, women's studies has become institutionalized although its proponents and practitioners have serious disagreements about its manner (e g, should men teach it?) and its aim (e g, should men be admitted to classes in it?) as well as about its content. A sampling of the debates on such questions which occupy the pages of current American academic journals makes the foreigner feel entirely foreign, not because the matters argued are ultimately alien to him, let alone her—far from it; but because the controversy is conducted with a wealth of reference to recent articles and books which although yet to penetrate the transatlantic consciousness are already bandied about in America as if they were classical texts with a long critical history adhering to them.

Even the conscientious follower who pauses for a moment to glance elsewhere is quickly made to feel outcast, so swiftly do the words flow. Having blinked for a minute myself, for example, I am chagrined to discover that a fashionable way around a loaded rhetorical problem is now "s/he"—I just never knew that.

None of these three books—*The Faces of Eve, Perish the Thought, In Defense of Women*—it seems clear, would have been written or would have found publishers were it not for the women's studies movement. And yet the most striking fact about them is that they are, in design, curiously old-fashioned. *The Faces of Eve* by Judith Fryer, for example, talks about certain female characters in nineteenth-century American fiction in response to a principle of selection worse informed even than that which used to organize nineteenth-century evening chats on "Women in Shakespeare". Why certain examples have been chosen instead of others is unconvincing, and although a range of characters is glanced over, those of Hawthorne and James predominate, and, towards the end, James alone dominates. The selection of women from James's works, however, is as baffling as the passing over of the main body of Howells's work (no American novelist was more committed to presenting a representative gallery of the women of his time), or of the works of major women writers such as Harriet Beecher Stowe. Why discuss such thin characters as Mrs Bread and Mrs Grose and permit such major characters as the Princess Casamassima and Miriam Rooth to pass unmentioned? Why treat the governess of *The Turn of the Screw* at such length when almost all that is said is a repetition of what has been said before and not talk about the equally anonymous and compelling presence of the telegraphist of *In the Cage*, about whom too little has been said?

If these questions have answers they presumably reside in the metaphor of "Eve" that gives the book its title, but that metaphor is offered at the outset only to be disregarded once the series of discussions begins. It is derived from the concept of "The American Adam", developed incisively by R. W. B. Lewis. The widely accepted view that American literary men had a strong tendency to visualize their central characters as free-will agents, abroad in a continent of plenty, new-naming the fauna and flora that share their creation, and shaping their environment uninfluenced by the sins of Europe, leads Professor Fryer to speculate that this Adam must have been accompanied by an Eve, and it is she with her many faces, "Temptress", "Princess", "Great Mother", "New Woman", about whom she will write as these faces emerge in fictional characters.

She appears to me to be wrong in her analogy. Wrong first because the term American Adam is not a literal reference to the biblical Adam but a figurative one that indicates, in the main, a male fantasy that departs most tellingly from the biblical archetype in its escape into a womanless Eden. Leslie Fiedler, for one, has been most eloquent about this and if he and the authors of whom he writes are to be called sexist that still does not locate significant Eve figures in their works.

Wrong also because once Professor Fryer derives her "faces" from the Eve model, then Eve makes no more sense as a unifying concept than does any other male-constructed archetype; indeed one might argue from her examples that Lilith, Cressida, or even Circe would have served her as well although their names do not generate an aura dear to American studies.

And wrong finally because whereas the metaphoric Adam shares a number of similarities with his prelapsarian archetype—including the essential fact that he too commences operations sinless—Professor Fryer's Eve lacks the essential attributes of her archetype. The first woman considered in the book is Oliver Wendell Holmes's Elsie Venner, who, Professor Fryer agrees, is not so interesting a character as others whom she will treat, but who affords a convenient starting-point chronologically; and also, she says, a glaringly clear example of dependence upon the Eve myth. But the very essence of Elsie is that she is postlapsarian, has no choice whatsoever but to be the malevolent being she is. Holmes conscientiously described her as hopelessly determined by prenatal events because he wanted to attack the Calvinism of his day. By definition, then, she is Eve's pre-programmed child, the very opposite of the undetermined mother. With so shaky an initial model as Elsie, little wonder the book soon abandons tight argument and slides into a series of discussions of characters selected, presumably, because the author prefers to talk about them rather than others.

Once embarked on these discussions, a mind that can free itself from any longing for argument or organization can have a good time. I was heated by what I took to be a misreading of Hawthorne's story, "The Maypole of Merrymount", and informed most entertainingly by the suggestions about the pre-novel past of Priscilla of *The Blithedale Romance*. And so it went.

This certainly is not literary criticism because the women are lifted boldly from context and, within any given author's canon, considered without regard to chronology so that developing artistry or just plain change of mind is not at issue. Nor is it social history because reference is rarely made to the factual conditions that may have influenced the fictional world. It is rather, as I said, one of those old-fashioned rambles, albeit in a modish pair of new hiking boots, in which we are invited to think about isolated characters as real people or as failing to be real people, Professor Fryer having some incompletely expressed notion of there being a "real" woman available to a novel apart from the authorial technique expended in creating her so that if she is not "real" the failure is just about deliberate.

Perish the Thought begins by girding itself for battle in a world hostile to Women's Studies, Susan P. Conrad believes there is a "climate of hysteria" in the American academy and that its inhabitants are merely condescending to the new field as part of their "orgy of guilt". Can such words have been chosen advisedly? She says, "I offer this book without apology to the field of women's studies, which is, in my considered opinion, one of the few areas of intellectual vitality left in or around the American university".

Fighting words, to be sure, yet the book itself provides little to fight about and is no more remarkable for vitality than books on numismatics or Latin American novelists, which are vital enough. Once one is past the opening salvo it is quite conventional unless one is willing to believe, as Ms Conrad sometimes seems to wish her reader did, that it is highly extraordinary to maintain that there were women intellectuals in America in the period 1830-60 who are worth thinking seriously about.

Of course there were. Moreover, a good number of historians and biographers, to whom Ms Conrad acknowledges her indebtedness, thought about them with valuable consequences. No, if one is permitted to choose his difference from Ms Conrad rather than have it thrust upon him, it is over the general question of whether her exclusion of activists such as the Grimké sisters is justified. She says she does so because a distinction can validly be made between activists and "women who have made intellectual contributions to social thought". This is so only up to a point. A central issue in the decades about which Ms Conrad writes is precisely the question of whether there could be such a thing as an intellectual contribution unaccompanied by activism; or, to say the same in reverse, whether political action was not the only way to impress the intellect when dealing with so massive a form of social injustice as the condition of slaves or the condition of women. Important social thought emerged from the action, and even those subjects chosen by Ms Conrad were activists.

The issue comes to one of its periodic focal points when we consider Margaret Fuller, whom Ms Conrad appears to admire as fully as I do. She takes issue with Harriet Martineau who was impatient with the kind of women's conversations Fuller was conducting in Boston on such topics as Goethe or Greek mythology and wanted her to get actively involved in the abolition movement. Fuller at that time felt it to be dangerously destructive although she later changed her mind. Seeing Fuller's power and regretting what she considered to be its wasteful application, Martineau said Fuller would have benefited from marriage.

"These assessments", says Ms Conrad, "reveal how outlandish the idea of an intellectual woman seemed to her contemporaries." In defence of the conversations she says that "Fuller made this material come to life and obviously raised the consciousness of many in the process". The idea of an intellectual woman seeming outlandish to Harriet Martineau? She was not counselling marriage for Fuller but saying that Fuller was insufficiently attached to social reality, and fearing that without some such attachment, marriage or the abolitionist cause, her feminist aspirations would go off in a vapour.

I cannot think of any convincing evidence for the assertion that Fuller "raised the consciousness of many". What evidence there is may as easily be read the way Martineau interpreted it. More importantly, when Fuller did get away from her conversations and into journalism in New York, her thinking took on a startling keenness as evidenced by her greatly improved prose style. And when she did get married she did so because she had attached such men as Mazzini and Mickiewicz to her, and through this attachment became attached to political action. With the confident sense of self she developed from her political involvements she felt complemented rather than threatened by marriage and led her future husband from his background of loyalty to the papacy into the camp of the Roman revolution. The Margaret Fuller who was the first person Mazzini called upon after breaking his long exile and returning to Rome was far more powerfully "intellectual" than the Margaret Fuller who held talks in the parlours of Boston.

The point I think worth debating with Ms Conrad, and Fuller is but one example, is that certain areas of activism appeared to be surer grounds for the shaping of a woman's intellectuality in early nineteenth-century America than were discussion clubs or the editing of fugitive transcendental journals. To rate the detached intellectual activities as highly as she does is to visit back upon an earlier period the conditions of contemporary "consciousness raising" sessions and to misrepresent, I suspect, the daily reality of women in the nineteenth century.

I could have wished Ms Conrad had pursued the connection between the women's movement and anti-slavery agitation more thoroughly because although no commentator on either can fail to make reference to the other, the relationship is yet to be explored with the fullness that it deserves. It is, after all, but the first half of the crucial and curious history of a symbiosis that is still with us as contemporary feminists write about "Woman as Nigger", and as a number of radical thinkers oppose the contemporary woman's movement on the grounds that it is a leisure-class indulgence that permits American society to ease its anxieties about the real social problem that won't go away, the condition of America's urban blacks.

Once Ms Conrad makes her selection, which, for all my disagreement, is a considered one, she proceeds through a range of subjects with rapidity, providing an introduction for the beginner rather than a new interpretation for the student of history familiar with the period. It will be a useful first step for some, and it is an especially happy thought of Ms Conrad's to include reproductions of the portraits of the women about whom she speaks. My consciousness certainly needed this; I was compelled to recognize that whereas Emerson or Greeley is a picture as well as a name in my mind, Child or Stowe merely calls up a lace cap with nothing under it. I trust I am on the mend, thanks to the illustrations.

Susanna Rowson is chiefly remembered today as the author of a significant if tedious early bestseller in the full sentimental tradition, *Charlotte Temple* (first English edition, 1791; first American, 1794; with many subsequent editions, piracies, and plagiarisms from it). She was also an actress, playwright, preceptress of manners, and schoolmistress, and her career is a lively reflection of the period in which she lived. It was no mean trick to be the daughter of a Tory and yet gain recognition in post-revolutionary America; to have been an actress and yet gain acceptance as a schoolmistress in Boston.

In Defense of Women, however, is not a new biography nor is it concerned with the details of Rowson's society or the quality of her literary output. Rather, Dorothy Weil wants to show Rowson's connections with modern feminism and does so by classifying her attitudes under a series of headings and then supplying strings of quotations from Rowson's works to illustrate her opinions on each. The result is lifeless.

One simply cannot acccept that a fictional voice speaking out of context in a stilted prose actually represents the most valuable part of the author's feelings on one or another matter. The structures which give rise to these voices and qualify them must be more fully rendered before we feel we are in the presence of Susanna Rowson. This is neither criticism nor history and no third argument emerges to replace them.

Contemporary feminism has altered our reading of literature. No one can have understood Mary Ellmann or Germaine Greer without having become acutely aware of previously unacknowledged literary effects. These three books on women disappoint because although the new consciousness made them possible, they fail to sustain it as an enlivening principle but merely use it as the basis for rather arbitrary expository exercises.

Daughters of Lilith

By Julia Neuberger

SALLY PRIESAND :
Judaism and the New Woman
Introduction by Bess Myerson
144pp. New York: Behrman.

If women have always held an honoured and respected position in Jewish tradition, why does Halachah (Jewish law) so obviously discriminate against them? Why has it taken so long for women to function as rabbis and cantors? Or even in other leadership roles within the Jewish community?... How can we provide new role models for our children? What changes can we make within organized religion to encourage women to participate?

Thus Sally Priesand, appropriately enough for her subject the first woman rabbi in the world, begins *Judaism and the New Woman*, her investigation of the history of Jewish attitudes to women and of their modern, changing role. She starts with the creation story, but takes Lilith, the first wife of Adam in later Jewish legend, as her female figure, rather than Eve. She therefore misses highlighting the depiction of woman as the source of sin in the Bible, and ignores completely God's words to Eve after the episode of the stolen fruit: "Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children: and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

This is an earlier account than the Lilith story of how man came to rule over woman, and one which stresses how woman's subordination to man is the result of her disobedience to God. Because of this it is surprising that women are rarely portrayed in the Bible as particularly mild, gentle and submissive to their husbands—Sarah insists that Hagar and Ishmael are driven away, Rebecca encourages Jacob to deceive Isaac, and Abigail ignores her husband's treatment of David, brings him gifts, and ends up as one of his wives. Rabbi Priesand misses the point that it is relatively late in the Biblical period, not until Proverbs xxxi, that we read of the ideal woman as totally housebound, though she is quite right to refer to that passage: "A virtuous woman who can find?" as cynical. One cannot find her, for she does not exist.

It is in dealing with Jewish law, and more specifically with the medieval period, that Rabbi Priesand's arguments fail to convince. Carried away by her own indignation, she allows herself to describe sotah, the ordeal of jealousy (Numbers v, 11-31) when a woman is suspected of adultery, as "an unbelievably disgusting and dehumanizing ordeal. . . . One wonders . . . whether any woman, or for that matter any man, could go through such a humiliating experience without becoming physically ill and actually dying".

Quite apart from the obvious exaggeration here, she has failed to set the ordeal within its historical context and does not compare it with any other culture, such as with the witch-trials described in Hammurabi's code. Similarly, she describes the laws of levirate marriage as "a disgrace to the dignity of woman", again failing to set the laws into their historical context and not acknowledging the fact that women needed protection in the biblical and early rabbinic period. She also leaves out of her argument completely the medieval discussion of women's religious role, where some of the rabbis, notably Rabbenu Tam and Rabbi Isaac ben Abba Mari, in the eleventh to twelfth centuries, not only argue in favour of women performing religious duties from which they had previously been considered exempt, but also allow them to recite the appropriate blessing before performing the act, a far more controversial issue. It was following this tradition that the pious women of the eighteenth century, on whom Rabbi Priesand places a great deal of emphasis, put on phylacteries, prayer shawls and ritual fringes, and asserted their religious equality with men.

The subject is fascinating but its treatment is dull. Rabbi Priesand has not made use of much of the available material and in particular comments neither on Christian attitudes to sexism in religion, such as in Alice Hageman's *The Church and the Second Sex*, nor on the present controversy raging in American Jewish periodicals over the legal status of women. Instead, time and again she labours her point that modern life demands full and active participation of both men and women in religion. That is undeniably true, but modern scholarship also requires an unbiased and full treatment of the role of the sexes in religious groups, and specifically in Judaism, and this Rabbi Priesand has failed to achieve.

The staging of the sex war

By John Kenyon

JOHN LOFTIS, RICHARD SOUTHERN, MARION JONES and A. H. SCOUTEN:
The Revels History of Drama in English
Volume 5: 1660-1750
331pp, Methuen. £13.

The so-called "Restoration Theatre", which extends, one way or another, into the reign of George I and beyond, is almost as attractive to academic critics and theatre audiences of today as the Elizabethan. And it poses similar problems. But because its themes are not the gigantic themes of the Elizabethans and the Jacobeans—incest, multiple murder, the wreck of nations—because it is largely concerned with the shallower, though less harmful, pursuits of man in an essentially artificial environment, it is easy to overlook these problems.

Yet it has never been explained why a form of comedy should quite suddenly emerge in the 1660s in England which was largely devoted to sexual war games, was amoral if not anti-moral in tone, and had little obvious connection with anything which had gone before. The overemphasized permissiveness of Charles II will only carry us so far; much the same comedy, though with a slight change in emphasis, held the field until the end of the century and beyond.

It survived under James II, though when he came to the throne in 1685 he put behind him his libertine youth and set out to clean up the court at Whitehall, and continued under his ultra-respectable daughters, Mary II and Anne. It also survived with remarkable ease the furious onslaught of Jeremy Collier on "The Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage" in 1698. Nor is it easy to explain its steady decline thereafter, despite a growing audience for the theatre and the emergence of new authors of the calibre of John Gay and Henry Fielding. Then there is the problem of the Licensing Act of 1737, untouched by any writer on the subject. Why should Walpole choose to censor the theatre, and not the press, whose attacks on his reputation were much more bitter and less light-hearted? Was it an acknowledgment of its strength, or a recognition of its weakness? And why did it cause a man like Fielding to forsake the theatre? Had the theatre no other purpose for a serious writer than political satire?

The latest volume in the Revels History of the drama attacks such problems in a glancing, intermittent way. Like most such compendia, it cannot decide whether to offer a "revisionist" view for the cognoscenti, assuming a considerable degree of previous knowledge, or a basic textbook for the comparative beginner, and it ends up by doing neither very well. Its revisionism, such as it is, varies from the tentative to the over-bold, and it is so badly arranged that it will baffle the uninformed. In fact, it is the kind of book which makes one wonder not whether the contributors have ever met to discuss their respective assignments, but whether they have even corresponded.

Take one example. John Loftis refers more than once to Steele's *The Conscious Lovers*, and discusses its significance in the history of the drama at some length (pages 56-59), but we have to wait until page 232-3 for A. H. Scouten to tell us what the play is about. In general, Loftis's opening contribution, "The Social and Literary Context", assumes a knowledge of the drama and the theatre which is sometimes provided by Marion Jones in section II(2), sometimes by Scouten in section III, and sometimes not at all. Professor Scouten's section, on plays and playwrights, is open to some criticism, but it is easily the best-written and most informative part of the book, and obviously ought to have come first. Professor Loftis has read some history but not enough, and he has not thought enough about what he has read; the fact that all his chapters leave the reader in thick air, and they grow briefer on the whole as he proceeds, confirms a general impression of tentativeness: the place for such musings is at the end of the book. In between Loftis and Scouten come Richard Southern and Marion Jones, on "theatres and scenery" and "actors and repertory" respectively; they are very learned and informative in a dogged, factual sort of way, but their contributions give the impression of having been taken over from some quite different book.

Nowhere is there any attempt to define the use of the term "drama" in the title, and to my mind the book is not about drama, but about "plays", "authors" and "theatres". Whether in fact these topics can be decently married at all I doubt. The kind of reader who wants to learn (from Southern) the exact nature of the proscenium arch in the Georgian theatre at Richmond is not necessarily to be identified with the reader who wants to learn (from Scouten) about the dialogue technique of William Congreve. It is certainly not easy to lose oneself in paragraphs like this:

> The device by which the flat scenes were enabled to slide on and off was a framework consisting of a grooved timber lying face up on the stage floor, with uprights at either end supporting a similar timber which had grooves facing downwards at the level of the top of the shutters. The opposite halves of a pair of shutters were entered into the extremity of the groove through intervals in the uprights. The grooves were soaped to assist easy sliding.

In fact, despite Loftis and Southern, the book is heavily committed to the theatre as literature and the theatre as an engineering problem, reflecting the present bias of university studies in this subject. We are told a lot about plays, and how they read, and a lot about stages and theatres and how they worked, but we are told very little about the "stage" or the "theatre".

As an example of what I mean, try and work out from the index the career of a well-known dramatist and then, for contrast, the career of a well-known actor. Even popular idols like Betterton or Mrs Bracegirdle, the Oliviers and Danches *de ces jours*, have to be pursued through a string of scattered references which do not add up to a serious analysis or even a complete miniblography. Joe Haines, who merits a substantial entry in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, does not appear at all,

It is the function of a general editor to correct all this, or at least moderate it. Unfortunately this general editor is recessive in his modesty. At first I thought his name (T. W. Craik) appeared only on the jacket, making him that ideal thing to some contributors, a disposable general editor; however, after a strenuous search I did locate him again, shyly hiding in the bastard title. Am I old-fashioned in supposing that a general editor should not only edit but be seen to be editing, that he should explain in a preface how he has approached his task and how (as he hopes) he has fulfilled it? Perhaps I am.

Descending to particulars, I find Loftis's contribution on the social content of the drama disappointing, especially after his competent and informative monograph, *The Politics of Drama in the Augustan Age*. He fails to explain, indeed discuss, why in the 1660s the writing of plays suddenly became an entirely proper occupation for a courtier, a gentleman, even a nobleman. Royal patronage is not the entire answer: after all, Charles's father and grandfather had not exactly cold-shouldered the drama, and it was not as if Charles II actually wrote plays or acted in them, as Henry VIII had written music and played it. He then finds an explanation for the increase in the size of theatre audiences after 1688 (a "fact" which is decisively proved) in the increasing numbers of men employed by the government, something he has gleaned from the historian J. H. Plumb. There is some truth in this—at least there is no untruth in it—but surely the whole point is that after 1689 Parliament met every year for six months a year, instead of occasionally and at long intervals. It was the solid patronage of these 513 MPs, plus another forty-seven from Scotland in 1707, plus their wives and families, plus a hundred or so peers who would not otherwise have come to town, which probably swelled the audience for the drama, in the same way as it probably fed the fortunes of the London "season" and provided the drive behind the new upper-class housing developments in the Piccadilly and St James's areas. But always the word is "probably". We don't know.

The impact of social conditions on the drama itself is even more speculative, and one man's speculation is as good as another's. It is surely rash to assume that a condition of class war, or even class antagonism, is demonstrated by the fact that Restoration comedy persistently made rather unkind fun of City aldermen and merchants. It is even more rash to assume that as a result aldermen and merchants did not go to the theatre. After all, "Yorkshire comedy" makes merciless mockery of Yorkshire prejudices and mannerisms, yes it is nowhere more popular than in Yorkshire, and the Archie Bunkers and Alf Garnetts of this world like nothing better than watching Archie Bunker and Alf Garnett. (This is not the only instance in which this book would profit from the application of a little plain common sense.) Nor does a theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields seem to me, as it does to Loftis, unduly distant from the City; on the contrary, it seems to me to be planted equidistant between court and City, and admirably equipped to attract the patronage of both (not to mention all those sons of well-born and wealthy squires studying at the Inns of Court, whom Loftis does not mention).

Loftis is even more at sea when it comes to the sexual content of the drama. No doubt this represented a minority taste, but that does not mean that it catered for a minority audience; there is nothing more attractive than watching other people do what you dare not do yourself. There is even a stern moral purpose in it; as John Dennis said:

> 'Tis our proper business to expose persons to our view whose views we may shun and whose follies we may despise, and by showing us what is done upon the comic stage to show us what ought never to be done upon the stage of the world.

It is also idle, indeed downright silly, for Loftis to cite Peter Laslett's figures for celibacy and late marriage in the depths of rural England as proving anything, except perhaps about rural England. (In any case, historians now think that low bastardy statistics are to be attributed to the use of coitus interruptus; they are perhaps a more worldly race of men than their colleagues in English.)

From a commonsense viewpoint it also seems pertinent to inquire just how much overt sex there was on the Restoration stage; no doubt there was a great deal of talk about it, but action is hard to find. In any case Scouten dismisses as a "popular impression" the idea that the theatre was dominated by sex comedy—though it is an impression obviously shared by Loftis; but we cannot assess this with any accuracy because we know so little about the repertoire. What proportion of the repertoire was revivals, or tragedy, or heroic drama? Our ignorance of what playgoers actually saw from week to week makes it difficult to assess their reasons for going. To a mere onlooker it seems that the inclination of actresses to the stage in 1660 might have had something to do with the prevailing content of the new plays, but none of the contributors to this volume even discuss the fact.

Marion Jones makes an important point when she argues that up to 1700 the theatre was

> predominantly an actors' theatre, based on an intimate and complex relationship between the human beings on stage and in the house, rather than a literary theatre, where plays are judged on their own merit, or a theatre of illusion, where the personal identities of the actors are absorbed into the compelling verisimilitude of the characters they represent.

It is a pity that if this book deals with any kind of theatre, it is the second.

As I have said, section III, by Professor Scouten, is the best part of the book. He cannot rise to the Celtic *hwyl* of Alvin Kernan in the corresponding sector of the Elizabethan volume, but he escapes the deadening framework of "plays and playwrights", which can so easily result in a string of potted biographies and synopses of plots. He also shows a refreshing awareness of the fact that most of the plays he has to deal with are very funny, and his brief survey of tragedy is masterly. Moreover, he succeeds in isolating a significant change in the moral outlook of comedy after about 1695. Whereas the true Restoration comedy had been devoted to the indiscriminate pursuit of money and/or sex, usually outside marriage, the drama of Congreve, Farquhar and their contemporaries is increasingly concerned with marital incompatibility. At the same time older characters were no longer visited with the automatic contempt which had been their lot under Charles II; the better dramatists even showed a concern for the problems of moral evil, and the characters underwent development and were no longer two-dimensional playing-card figures (though they often retained the old two-dimensional names, like Betty Flaunt, Sir Maunerly Shallow and Lady Lovetoy). Unfortunately this change emphasized one of the main theoretical defects of the Restoration or Neoclassical drama, the static or closed-circle nature of its plot: nothing was resolved, nothing brought to a conclusion, except by the meretricious contrivance of the unbelievable "happy ending".



Memorial of Adrienne Lecouvreur, the "actrice admirable" who died in 1730; among those who found her admirable were Marshal Saxe, Voltaire and Lord Peterborough, and her death was ascribed by some to poisoning by a rival, the Duchesse de Bouillon; Scribe's play Adrienne Lecouvreur *took its plot from this rumour. The engraving is by Pierre Drevet after Charles Coypel and is taken from* A Face for Any Occasion *by Sara Stephenson (127pp. Published for the Scottish National Portrait Gallery by HMSO. Paperback, £2.50), based on the exhibition of portrait engravings held at the Scottish National Portrait Gallery during the 1974 Edinburgh Festival.*

The reasons for this change in attitude are difficult to assess, as Scouten does not try. Clearly it has little to do with sexual morality, because in this sense many of the new plays were just as immoral as the old, and to call the new genre "sentimental comedy" is my mind merely inventing a term which is perhaps meaningless and certainly confusing (in view of the many different meanings attached to the word "sentimental"). We can only assume that it was associated with a new outlook on marriage, and this calls for further research into the moral and pastoral literature of the time. Perhaps it would be going too far to associate it also with the rather startling emergence of women playwrights in quite large numbers; Katherine Philips, Aphra Behn, Susannah Centlivre, who were major figures at the time, and a number of others like Mary Pix, Mrs Catherine Trotter and Mrs Wiseman, who were on the whole more ambitious and less successful. Like the use of actresses after 1660, this is a phenomenon in which some of the contributors to this volume seems particularly interested.

However, in terms of the number of able writers active in the drama, it did decline in the 1730s and 1740s, despite the outstanding success of John Gay's *Beggar's Opera*. The Licensing Act of 1737 merely administered the coup de grâce, not so much by direct censorship as by limiting the number of theatres. There is also, I am sure, some truth in Loftis's argument that by mid-century the novel was a more satisfying and probably a more lucrative vehicle for a writer than the drama. But large audiences were still in evidence, and for them, obviously, novel reading at home was no substitute for theatre going.

I would guess that the average social level of audiences was dropping, and this is confirmed by the increasing popularity of more simple-minded entertainments like the pantomime. And I would guess that it was dropping because of the almost total breakdown in public order in London during the middle decades of the century. Loftis is deep into Plumb and Laslett, as he could also have drawn, with greater plausibility, on George Rudé, and particularly on Rudé's *Hanoverians London 1714-1808*.

Citizens reserved evening outings for nights of the full moon, but in fact highwaymen operated in broad daylight. That habitual socialite Horace Walpole remarked in 1750: "One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one were going to battle." In such circumstances casual theatre-going ceased to be an attractive proposition for the middle-class patron. Even then, though this book ends on a note of melancholy and declension, I wonder how far this is justified. I notice that the next volume of the Revels History opens with the brisk remark: "The London theatre was extremely stable in the years following 1750, more stable than it had been earlier in the century." I know "stability" is not synonymous with aesthetic acceptability, or even with prosperity, but it is a point worth remembering.

There are some good things in this book, but there is also much muddle and loose conceptualization. Everyone with a literary or professional interest in the theatre of the period will have to take note of it, but they would be ill advised to dispose of their copies of Allardyce Nicholl's *History of English Drama* in their zeal to [illegible]

All of a shambles

By Valerie Pearl

PHILIP E. JONES:
The Butchers of London
246pp. Secker and Warburg. £9.75.

Butchers have always had a bad press. The author of *Piers Plowman* consigned them to the pillory as poisoners "that most harm worketh to the poor people". A consumers' society report of recent years condemned them for exposing meat in shops under rose-tinted display lights—an incarnadination, as it were, to make the green one red. In between, they have been accused (in 1340, it is first recorded in a petition of London citizens) of sewing with thread the fat of fat oxen upon the flesh of lean, thus selling poor meat at a high price, of continual attempts to corner supplies, of forestalling the markets and of "regrating" the price by sales at second and third hand, of constantly providing bad meat (prohibitions on selling by candlelight in 1320 and 1378 may have something to do with that), of refusing to sell by weight, and of such fraudulent practices as propping up veal with hidden pads and thin sticks, dressing old ewes to look like lamb, stuffing kidneys "with rags or other foul things", and even, as in 1518, with blowing up meat with "foul and stinking breath or with wind injected by other sundry devices". In ages which were not greatly concerned with public hygiene they were universally condemned for the nuisances they created by their noisome slaughterhouses and their reeking offal.

To judge simply by selections from literature, popular tradition and city ordinances directed against the butchers, it would seem that there is nothing good to be said about the craft. But these, of course, are colourful pickings and tell only part of the story. The English were renowned among the nations of Europe for the amount of meat they ate and that could hardly have happened if all butchers were as grasping and their wares always as maggoty as they were often reputed to be. It is time a scholarly account was presented of the victualling trades and their markets, and P. E. Jones's history of the Worshipful Company of Butchers of the City of London makes an important contribution. His book was intended mainly to acquaint the members of the company "with the long and inspiring history of their guild", but it is no mere "presentation" history, because finally to give the butchers a good press. The author is too good a historian for that, as all will agree who know his work as custodian and chronicler of the City records. He gives a faithful account of the obloquy which seems to have attached itself to butchery, yet he shows too the efforts, many of them self-imposed though they were also constantly being enjoined by the municipality, to run a sound and honest trade. His work is welcome as a major contribution to the history of the London guilds, a subject not as well researched as it should be. It joins two other valuable modern studies on the London victualling trades, one on the poulterers by Mr Jones himself, the other on the bakers by Sylvia Thrupp (unfortunately there is nothing of substance yet on the fishmongers, the grocers, the brewers or the vintners).

One theme which emerges most clearly from the history of the London butchers is that of continuous municipal and even central government control, a control which reached its apogee in the sixteenth century. The butchers and other victuallers were allowed much less freedom to operate as they wished than the mercantile and industrial guilds. Closer controls enabled the authorities to oversee conduct of a trade whose efficient day-to-day running was regarded as essential for the well-being of the community. Thus, butchers' prices, the quality of their meat, the siting and operation of markets, the separation of wholesaling from retailing activities, and the prevention of pollution, came to be of increasing concern and direction. Above all, City rulers and central government alike regarded the cheap and uninterrupted supply of food as vital.

In the early sixteenth century the Tudors, much concerned with the problems of keeping order, enacted a body of legislation to that end. In London especially such measures were intensified after the 1520s, when a system of extensive social and economic regulation emerged, including measures for poor relief and grain storage. Mr Jones shows how the butchers felt the full impact of this policy, although the process of controlling the trade had begun much earlier. In 1521 the Aldermen, in an attempt to bring down prices, invited persons not free of the City or of the Butchers' Company to bring meat into London for sale, a serious breach in the privileges of freemen. At the same time the butchers were warned of the penalties they would incur if they carried out their threat not to kill cattle and so halt the supply of meat. A few years later rigid price controls were imposed, and to enforce the regulations butchers were ordered to sell by weight instead of by the piece, measures which were then reinforced by a series of Acts of Parliament and Proclamations.

The running fight between the butchers and the authorities was not relaxed until the 1580s. In the half-century that it lasted members of the Great Companies supervised the meat markets, heavy fines for overcharging were imposed, and in an unprecedented action in 1533 the Aldermen disenfranchised all freemen butchers. The butchers later won back many of their rights, although price controls continued to be imposed through part of the seventeenth century, a point missed by Mr Jones. One lasting loss which they suffered was the admission of non-free butchers to the markets on a scale that would not have been suffered in many industrial and commercial occupations within the city walls. Another handicap was the virtual separation of grazing from retail interests, a lack of economic power which helps to explain why butchers were low in precedence in the City while the fishmongers, who combined mercantile operations with shopkeeping, were among the Great Companies.

An even earlier and more persistent cause of contention between citizens and butchers than prices was the nuisance created near their markets by the slaughtering of animals and discarding of refuse. The 1927, thousands of animals were slaughtered each year in the last six slaughter-houses in Aldgate.

The Butchers of London deals with each of the main themes in the history of the company, chronologically. In this way Mr Jones covers constitutional matters, the halls, markets and pollution, prices and weights, trade restrictions, social activities, relations with the municipality, and finance and property. What we do not get, however, is any sense of the importance of meat in the Englishman's diet, a factor which helps to explain the desire of both city authorities and governments to ensure that there was always a cheap and plentiful supply. Meat was cheap, compared with fish, game or poultry, and all classes ate it. Great quantities were required and there were usually adequate supplies. Foreigners were amazed by English appetites, and natives somewhat contemptuous of foreign diets were proud of their own. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador to the court of James I, commented on Leadenhall market that "there was as much meat sold in it in one month as would suffice all Spain for a year". Earlier, Fynes Morrison praised "English Cookes" who "in comparison with other Nations are most commended for roasted Meates"—a tradition echoed by Hogarth two centuries later when he contrasted the "roast beef of old England" with the scraggy diet of the French. Mr Jones, working mainly from the company's records, keeps closely to the subject of his title and omits such related material which, to be fair, belongs to a wider treatment and another book.

as not to offend they were ordered to do so "discretely".

But although meat markets had moved from the streets by the eighteenth century, slaughtering still went on in the City, and objectionable refuse was still being cast into the streets in 1760. In bringing his account up to date, Mr Jones reveals that shortly before slaughtering was finally prohibited in the central metropolis in 1927, thousands of animals were slaughtered each year in the last six slaughter-houses in Aldgate.

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TLS Commentary

The exp-abs-F world

What are we all doing sitting around reading the *Times Literary Supplement* when we could be seeing *The Phantom Meets the Return of Dr Mabuse, El Terrible Gigante de las Niaves, The Mad Love Life of a Hot Vampire*, or *The Planets against us* (alias *I Pianeti contro di noi, Le Monstre aux yeux verts*, and *Hands of a Killer*)? Ignorance is no longer an excuse: Walt Lee's phenomenal three-volume *Reference Guide to Fantastic Films* is now available from appropriate specialists or directly from the compiler (POB 66273, Los Angeles, California 90066. $30.90 including postage).

There are more than 20,000 entries, each of which gives production details; category, such as SF-com, rol-F, exp-abs, bor-H—borderline rather than boring—and even was-myst-mus-com-H for the Mexican *Swamp of the Lost Monster*; and capsule plot where possible ("pumpkins run wild in the street"; "magician conjures storm which washes various noblemen and their servants ashore, has slave Caliban"). Sometimes, though, the title tells it all, as in *Puck's Pranks on a Suburbanite* (1906), *Saga of the Viking Women and their Voyage to the Waters of the Great Sea Serpent, Satan in Sofia* (Bulgaria, 1921) or *Sex Rituals of the Occult*.

The merest hint of the unearthly is enough to secure admission, as in *Scroggins goes in for Chemistry and discovers a Marvellous Powder* (1911), *Ritual in Transfigured Time* (exp-dance-F), *Que Linda Cha Cha Cha*, and *Road to Bali* ("amorous gorilla pursues Hope"—a neat description of the human condition). Perhaps the net is cast too wide: on one page alone *Fire Maidens from Outer Space* share billing with *Finian's Rainbow, Finnegans Wake* and *Film in which there appear sprocket holes, edge lettering, dirt particles etc* (exp-abs-F).

Nothing daunts Walt Lee; not *Jusei No In* (*Obscenity of the Viper* or *Maliciousness of the Snake's Evil*, 1921), *El Orible Segreto del Dr Hitchcock, Devjant* ("war between gods and demons"), nor *Yet Durna at ang Planetman* (Philippines, 1967). His indefatigable scholarship even runs to an appendix of films that might exist, or do exist and might be relevant like *Arabat el Shaitan* and *Ali Baba Bujang Lapok*, and a further appendix of films that could exist but don't like *Frankenstein in London* ("non-existent film seen by characters in *Adalen 31*").

The fantasy film is a recurring dream; there are eight versions of *Queen of Spades*, and twenty-four of Faust (twenty-five with *Faustina*). The medical profession is well represented, with Doctors Phibes, No, Cyclops, Goldfoot ("beautiful robot girls who explode"), Nicola, Maniac, Jekyll and a host of Jekyll derivatives, including Dr Sexual and the peculiar *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde done to a frazzle* (1914). Professors, however, disappear from film titles after the First World War, except in Eastern Europe—a datum of obscure significance. Mad Monks continue to do well, though, with Rasputin appearing in a couple of dozen movies—eight of them in 1917—all the way down to *Why Russians are Revolting* (1970).

Tarzan films in a babel of tongues are beyond counting, to say nothing of Tarzak, Tarzam and Superzan. There are brigades of vampires, mostly more unwholesome than the "seductress in guise of wood-nymph" of 1913, and often displaying their noted gift for transmutation: thus *El Vampiro de la Autopista* becomes *The Horrible Sexy Vampire*; more engagingly *Frankenstein meets the Space Monster* became *Mars invades Puerto Rico*, but probably only in San Juan. Invisibility is a global problem too; *Görlinmiyen adam Istanbulda, Hilfe, Ich bin Unsichtbar, El Invencible Hombre Invisible*. Then there are invaders, werewolves, zombies, and—strangely enough—teenagers.

Illustrations range from the aptly named Charles Ogle as Frankenstein in 1910 to a passable prediction of a V-1 (*Sky Splitter*, 1922). The cross-referencing is good, though an index of authors would have been a useful if laborious addition. And who would have the heart to carp at anyone who has sat through all nine episodes of *Supergiant*? Indeed, all trace of envy vanishes on closer inspection. You might regret missing a 1909 movie where a woman turns into a lighthouse; you might yearn for *Wild Wild Pussycat* with Dante Verona and Angelito Marquez, *Wild Beast of Crete* or *Wild Women of Wongo*, but could you have sat through even thirty minutes of *Lemon Grove Kids meet the Green Grasshoppers and the Vampire Lady from Outer Space* ("group of middle-aged idiots versus alien")?



Samson destroying the Philistines: one of seven wood engravings by Robert Gibbings illustrating the Golden Cockerell Press's Samson and Delilah, *which is to be sold at a sale of private press and art reference books at Sotheby's on February 3.*

The Nat Soc years

The *Journal of Contemporary History*, edited by Walter Laqueur and George L. Mosse, has celebrated its tenth anniversary with a special number entitled "Theories of Fascism". The severe economic constraints under which editors, publishers and librarians now work have left their mark on the *Journal* during its first decade: the pages are now smaller, the paper thinner, the footnotes at the end of articles rather than at the bottom of the page, and the binding is perfect (i.e. imperfect). Still, survival is no mean achievement, and the anniversary number is a substantial, though fragile, volume of 283 pages (obtainable from Sage Publications, 44 Hatton Garden, EC1).

The *Journal* has developed two distinctive characteristics. First, it has consistently tried to present the work of foreign scholars to a British and American readership. Although some of the translations do not read very well, there can be no doubt that this is a useful service—the capacity of students of modern history and political science in British universities to read articles in German, Italian or French does not appear to have improved in recent years.

Second, the editors have repeatedly attempted to group contributions around a single theme, and to produce individual numbers of the *Journal* which are anthologies rather than collections of discrete essays. This is a very difficult editorial task, for weak contributions tend to be accepted simply because they fit in one or another special number. And the editors usually not have enough time, after they have received all their typescripts, to ensure that the different essays on a given theme stand in a clear or creative relationship with each other. A really good anthology of this kind perhaps requires longer preparation and firmer editorial control than a standard number of a standard journal.

"Theories of Fascism" brings out very clearly the strengths and weaknesses of such special numbers. It is most convenient for readers to have all the essays between two covers; a reader who is interested in any one essay is likely to be interested in all the others too. But the volume as a whole lacks intellectual coherence. There is one identifiable theme common to most authors; the inadequacies of various Marxist theories of fascism are discussed in several measured and critical essays. Robert Wistrich writes, especially thoughtfully on Trotsky's theory of fascism, and Domenico Settembrini contributes an ambitious polemic on the affinities between Leninism and Mussolini's fascism.

But by far the most distinguished article in the volume, Anson G. Rabinbach's "The Aesthetics of Production in the Third Reich", owes a large, carefully distilled debt to Marx, and ends with a finely placed quotation from Horkheimer/Adorno. The essay also brings out the limitations of considering theories of fascism separately from the history of fascism. It is in theoretical terms the most satisfying of the contributions precisely because it is the most detailed; it is not about theory, but it is informed by theoretical reflection. If one of the tasks of theory is to establish relationships between different aspects of the history of an epoch, Rabinbach achieves this by exploring and documenting the relationships between economic structure, political organization and industrial design in Nazi Germany. The components of his argument are not categories of analysis, but people doing things; yet without his theoretical reflection he might never have identified the activities about which he writes. It is a very subtle essay, and beautifully written.

The lack of intellectual coherence in the anniversary number comes out in two further ways. Several contributions which will be of enduring interest are not really concerned with theory at all: Thomas Childers offers a sophisticated statistical analysis of the National Socialist vote before 1933; Pierre Melograni makes some abrasive remarks about the cult of the Duce, and Klaus-Jürgen Müller suggests that the discussion of fascism in France needs to be cast in a new analytical framework, in which modernization and anti-Parliamentarism are the most important concepts. (Although Müller does not clinch his case by discussing the Vichy regime his approach is most stimulating.) These articles are solid, thoughtful pieces of work, but they lie uneasily in the volume.

More surprising than their inclusion is an omission: "Theories of Fascism" contains no sustained, systematic discussion of the general concept of fascism. Several authors document their uncertainty about whether it is in principle possible to discuss Nazism and Italian fascism as though they were different manifestations of the same basic phenomenon, but this fundamental question is nowhere faced head-on. Recent writing on the subject suggests that research and debate is the coming years is going to give great prominence to precisely this question. An opportunity has been missed here, for a general article on the concept of fascism would have drawn this volume together and given further impetus to scholarly work. In short, the volume is almost an anthology, but not quite.

Tim Mason

Fifty years on . . .

Mr J. B. Priestley's first novel, *Adam in Moonshine*, is an extravaganza and one, moreover, that betrays the author for what he is, an essayist. He is betrayed from the very opening when the sensations of a young man of twenty-four on getting into a train at St Pancras on a July afternoon are described. Adam Stewart is the young man. He is going to spend a solitary holiday roaming in the Yorkshire dales, walking, lounging, drinking beer, smoking and living "excitedly inside all the time, throwing up turret after turret of dreams". Adam was romantic: he liked to be living on the verge of something strange and exciting and to feel that any moment had illimitable adventures lurking just round the corner. . . . The fable is of what happened to this adventurous youth, whom all of us have called by our own name, from the moment when the elderly gentleman who looked like an unsuccessful artist scattered false beards all over the carriage to the indignation of the peremptory Canon. Without unfairly divulging details, we may say that he became involved in a fantastic plot and in a company of delightful people, including a stout Baron with an enormous nose who was the life and soul of the whole affair, and three beautiful young women, each of whom intoxicated him in turn. . . .

The whole thing is a piece of high spirits and needs to be read in a not too critical mood. Once you fail to believe or to forgo the longing of youth for the impossible you are lost. Certainly Adam's longings were abundantly satisfied during his magnificent escapade, and we envied him his rides to Nice, his glorious potations of madeira with the Baron, his desperate scramble in Peter's company, and his moonlight enchantment with Helen. Yet we could not avoid remarking that the progress of the story was a little impeded by the amount of space given to Adam's personal reactions and reflections. These are so richly indulged in that some readers will feel a little cloyed. It is here that Mr Priestley needed to hold the essayist in check; though the essayist's contributions themselves are pretty pieces of writing. . . . More Baron and less Adam would have been our preference.

From the TLS of January 27, 1927.

The art of nonsense

By Patrick Leigh Fermor

GEORGE SEFERIS :
Poiimata me Zographies se Mikra Paidia
64pp. Athens : Hermes. £4.50.

Pure nonsense is as rare among the arts as an equatorial snowdrop. It was understandably scarce in classical times, though Aristophanes, especially in composing *The Birds*, sometimes forgot his satirical duties for a moment, but the polysyllabic knockabout of Roman comedy had heavy axes to grind, and so had the Dark and Middle Ages. The wild scenes that run riot in wall-paintings, capitals and stained glass are lunacy only to the uninitiate: pagan survival, the apocryphal gospels, faulty translation, demon-lore and the bestiary, in collusion with the Diebolt and the torments of manhunters, solve every riddle. Familiar broodings hatched out the eggshells of Bosch, identifiable furnaces stoked his rocketing and backfiring journeys and lit up the apocalyptic scenes; and the same impulses, reinforced by Spanish tyranny and the spectacle of folly, unloosed the skeleton onslaughts of Breughel; all his allegories and proverbs and parables, even the teeming amphibian chaos, have their explanations. Luckily prolific zest made Rabelais and, later on, his illustrator Doré, overshoot all their targets, and a kind of spell-bound invention transported Goya beyond the *Disasters of War*, as though bats' wings had lifted him there, to the enigmatic regions of the *Caprichos*: "his great merit" (according to Baudelaire) "is the creation of plausible monsters. No one has gone further than he in the acceptable absurd."

But all of them and the extravagances of Swift and Lautréamont and Jarry and the visual punning of Arcimboldi and Grandville, can be explained; a fierce warning underlies the apparent frivolity of Cocteau's illustrations in *Le Potomac*; even *The Naked Lunch* has a clear purpose. Like *Portnoy's Complaint*, it is a seminal work—and the maze of *Ulysses*, once baffling, is plain as daylight and a clew has been unravelled for its sequel. The function of Augustan follies is tamely scrutable and Gaudi could expound his heterodoxy with almost Vitruvian logic. Perhaps the concavo-convex freaks of Bomarzo in the ilex woods of Upper Latium—hollow monsters, gaping ogres the size of houses, houses nightmarishly tilted to a drunken slant; all cut from the Etruscan tufa with wonderfully aimless exuberance by Turkish captives brought back by the Orsini as their spoils from Lepanto—are the closest approach to true three-dimensional folly in Europe. Dada and Surrealism, through self-conscious gravity and the diffuseness of their claims, loaded themselves with disqualifying fetters. Free, purposeless, spontaneously born and ideologically disengaged, the genuine article bombinates in a vacuum.

By nature France is stony ground for this sort of stuff but it may not always have been so. We know how significantly her poetry changed after Malherbe; as bunefully, some thought, as her vineyards later on at the touch of phylloxera (an opening here: phylloxera = withered leaf = Malherbe), and the same critics might point to Descartes as his prose accomplice (*Cogito ergo sum*: the first six clockwork notes of a metronome that clicks all through the reign of the *philosophes*. . . . Voltaire dismisses Shakespeare as *ces pièces visigothes*; flinty encyclopedic smiles snap round us like nutcrackers for a century or two; finally, salutary but quelling, Valéry murmurs with a Cartesian sigh that "la bêtise n'est pas mon fort"). In verse, the logical straitjacket was further stiffened by an inflexible prosody; vocabulary was pruned to the bone and *chers sculptures*, roses, laurels, cypresses, myrtle, thyme and marjoram were allowed in the lyrical garden, but nothing else.

These obstacles turned French poems, when genius triumphed over the vetoes, into dazzling feats. But sometimes, to outwit the iron rigours, poets sought refuge in a kind of momentary nonsense—or verbal cheating, rather—which was innocent because confessed, even though the confessions were far from plain sailing. Mallarmé, at a loss in mid-sonnet for a rhyme for the river Styx, and having used up the Pnyx—there is no "pyx" in French—invents one: "*pityx*": a non-existent knicknack with which he saves the line, and then conjures deftly back into the Mallarméen shadows: "nul pityx, / Aboli bibelot d'inanité sonore. . . ." The words implicitly admit the pityx's lack of being. Similarly Victor Hugo, in *Booz Endormi*, stuck for a rhyme to the last syllable of "*demandait*", fabricates a biblical city, puts the inhabitants to sleep and sets it down without a blush beside a real one: "Tout reposait dans Ur et dans Jérimadeth". Here it is the invented word—"j'ai rime à 'dait'"—which whispers an excuse and an explanation. (He makes no apology for Ur, however. The Chaldean city was as far from the Judaean stubble-fields where Ruth and Booz met as Southampton is from Barcelona. He had a wild way with details.)

These strictures offered a perverse intellectual challenge. During the last half of the nineteenth century and the first of the twentieth, scattered Frenchmen responded with a glittering display of acrobatics. Only one cracking palindrome surfaced—"L'âme des uns jamais n'use de mal"; the language rebels against these amphisbaenas; but famous holorimes abounded—"Gall, amant de la reine", "O, bois du dîner", etc—and anagrams, spoonerisms, back-formations and artificial malaprops: intricate *normalien* stunts unfolded like a glasshouse full of hybrids. About forty years ago, Eugène Jolas, (under post-Joycean influence, I think) published verses in *Transition* which relied entirely on improvised onomatopoeia. One line has stuck, probably inaccurately. A tramp is ravishing somebody in a wood: "Je la triffouille! Je la zilochet Han! Et hanhan!") An ingenious galaxy of writers, examined by Matila Ghyka in his *Sortilège du Verbe*, explored and deployed the secondary and tertiary functions of the language. Lafourme, Apollinaire and Tristan Derème spring to mind, and Léon-Paul Fargue. There is something engaging about his way of declaring an incident closed—*L'incident est fini!* and his proposal of "*Dsoingomzein!*" as a new chorus for the "Marseillaise". Finally, in novels and essays and triumphantly in his *Exercices de Style*, there is Raymond Queneau—and scarcely one these words down before the sad news of his death reaches the Himalayan slope where these lines are being written.

But of all these artifices, the portmanteau-word is chief. Translators' brows are pensively knit over Mr Earwicker's horrorscope; and how can they make it clear, in Frankfurt and Angoulême, that he was not his blunder's kipper? We have recently seen the deep hermetic role of these devices in the poetry of Paul Cerdan and the exegetic strife they unloose. Queneau devoted a whole issue of a learned monthly to different translations of "Jabberwocky"; for the fount and origin of portmanteaux has been done, among other tongues, into ancient Greek and Latin ("*Coesper erat*" = *coenum* + *vesper* = *brillig*); into French, and into German: once where all the double-senses were scrupulously dovetailed and once where the sounds—"*Es brillig war, Die schlichte Tüwen/Wirrten und wimmelten im Waben*"—were all right, more or less, but where the sense had to take care of itself. Of nonsense poetry away from its home ground, the best single practitioner is German, unexpectedly, perhaps. The short stanzas of Christian Morgenstern, a Bavarian who died just before the First World War, are touched (though he resembles neither) by the same unforced magic and poetical luck and above all by the inexplicable pathos that single out Carroll and Lear and make them memorable and perennially strange.

"Away from its home ground"—a giveaway phrase! But this does seem to be territory where England has unintentionally staked the leading claim; and the claim is ungrudgingly allowed. Brief symptoms of an illogical poetic bent erupted at scattered points in the past—in pomanders, baillics' bells, parrots and haycocks, a whiff, a peal or a squeak, Browning's runaway is caught grazing on strange grass-blades, and reason closes in again—but it was never a large field; the full-grown authentic blooms are only two, but the seeds have blown far. Even so, a modern translation of the whole of Edward Lear into Romanian—*Rime fără Noimă*, by Constantin Abăluță and Stefan Stoenescu, brought back by John Betjeman from a tour of Moldavian monasteries—is an exotic and marvellous surprise. Isolated, tranquil-free, unsponsored and a work of love, the task is magnificently carried out. The enforced juggling with place-names is wholly legitimate—"I properly" in Romanian, is no rhyme for Thermopylae—but all the other details emerge from their transformation intact and the remoteness and scarcity of the jumbly regions lose none of their poignancy. Even though it only reaches us by chance, an offering so different from trade figures and travel-folders, Eastern Europe's usual literary exports to the West, breathes a spontaneous and vivifying freshness into the air. These Iono scholars deserve a salute from their country and from us.

In Greece, with its strong English links, the clean up is more predictable. In his introduction to Paris Takopoulos's entertaining *Kanē Diathekē*, Panayiotis Canellopoulos—by far the twentieth century's most erudite prime minister—makes the Learn-Carroll connection plain. *Poiimata me Zographies se Mikra Paidia* verses George Seferis wrote and cheerfully illustrated from time to time for a small relation, will please the many other children for whom, in the title, they have been assembled and published. Seferis was devoted to Lear and these limericks are gratefully attributed to his inspiration. Like Lear's, they are a swift guarantee of eccentric conduct, usually with the pristine reduplication of first and last rhymes which the flight of time now seems to touch with a dying fall. The recent elaboration of the limerick, the intricacy, the multiple interior rhyming (and in many cases, of course, the hair-raising impropriety of the brief plots)—all this, in the hands of unpublished virtuosos like the late Constant Lambert, has rather spoilt us for the original simplicity of the metre. (Ironically, the unpublished Greek limericks that Seferis sometimes enclosed in letters to friends—to George Katsimbalis, to Nico Glitka, whom Lear has also prompted to seize his pen like Ingres his violin-bow, to Lawrence Durrell and once to me—would delight the most exacting judge.) The best pages are the translations of "The Nutcracker and the Sugar-tongs" and "Father William", and the thing which really shines forth is the goodness and kindness of the writer. But this everyone knew.

A brilliant translator as well as a poet of unparalleled gifts, Seferis was often thinking, and, always rather sadly, about the ultimate incompatibility of tongues. Behind the deceptive equivalents in dictionaries the secret resonances are at war. Each word is the spearhead of an expanding phalanx of alien tribal ghosts and we can aspire no higher than the approximate. In Cairo during the Second World War Lawrence Durrell combined some of George's half-unaesthetized sayings, uttered as he came round after an operation—understandably incongruous ones—with some of his own imaginative flights in an amusing and affectionate poem called "Mythologies", of which the last line is: "Men of the Marmion class, sons of the free!" (Seferis had recently learnt—I hope the details are correct: there is no way of checking them under these dendars—that towards the end of his life, a friend of Hardy's had given him *The Waste Land* and asked his opinion, which was, a week later: "Very interesting, but is it quite in the Marmion class?" The haunting phrase wove itself several times into George's crepuscular murmurs.) Later on, he translated the poem into Greek and "Shatterblossom", an imaginary figure in the poem, become "*Anthospastica*", the exact and perfect Greek equivalent. "But it's no use, my dear!" His soft and meditative voice began to conjure up the rival associations: shelves of anthologies and a fidgety procession of aposties receded into the distance on the Greek side, while the English grew dark with shattered hopes and Cherry Blossom Boot-Polish. He developed the comic polarity until his laughter—a slowly overmastering and infectious upheaval which set his head and shoulders soundlessly and helplessly rocking—brought his elaboration to a halt. But of course he was right, and buried somewhere in his theories lies the key to this theme.

It was with Maurice Bowra that we last heard him speak of such matters, in the sea at the bottom of a steep and pine-fringed bay off Poros, a few summers ago. They were treading water with just enough exertion to keep their ominated busts afloat, Ostrich-egg smooth, the head of Seferis caught the gleam of the westering sun; immersion had flattened Bowra's hair on a pink brow, and his energetic voice sesamed the other's discourse with staccato laughs and interjections of cheer and assent. To a listener on the terrace above, his interlocutor's murmur could barely be heard, but now and then George's hand emerged with a forefinger raised in illustration of an ineudible point, then dropped back beneath the water, evoking a burst of comment and an answering splash: the twilight; for the outlines were beginning to grow faint. Soon they were silhouettes, like the torsos of seals in a fjord, each the centre of expanding and overlapping hoops which rippled and widened over the still pallor until they vanished beneath the woods of the Argolid. Sounding between air and water in these Saturn rings, their voices and the random plops of their gestures could still be heard when the dark had enfolded them. Men of the Marmion class! They only broke off when a call from above summoned them to land and where candles for dinner were being lit.

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Oxford University Press

To the Editor

Industrial Archaeology

Sir,—Your reviewer of the first number of *Industrial Archaeology Review* (January 7) is certainly entitled to his opinions, but his disappointment seems to be unduly exaggerated and as a result from misplaced expectations.

In the first place, his phrases "an object of disdain" and "attacked repeatedly for the poor quality" indicate a lack of sympathy with the subject-matter. The emergence in the last few years of the Association for Industrial Archaeology and of the new *Review*, published by the Oxford University Press, show that such sentiments are by no means as general as is suggested by these dismissive comments.

Secondly, the fact that the *Review* continues the pattern of work established in its predecessors should not surprise Phillip Riden. There is, after all, a substantial continuity both in the editorial team and in the composition of the subscribers and contributors. The fact that the topics treated in the first number cover a wide variety of places and industries should be a matter of praise rather than blame.

Thirdly, the charge that industrial archaeology is the "new antiquarianism" is not as condemnatory as Mr Riden intends it to be. Any systematic study, in the early stages of its development, relies upon the accumulation of a large number of discreet units of information, and industrial archaeology is still in this "antiquarian" stage. There is a tremendous amount of field work to be done before an accurate appraisal can be made of the industrial heritage of surviving in Britain, and other countries lag much further behind.

Moreover, industrial archaeology has suffered to some extent from the fact that much of its material can be and has been used by neighbouring disciplines—economic and technological history, post-medieval archaeology, vernacular architecture, and so on—in supporting hypotheses and in illustrating generalizations. But industrial archaeology is beginning to perform this more synthetical role for itself, and forthcoming issues of the *Review* will reflect this development of the subject.

R. A. BUCHANAN.
School of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of Bath.

Sir,—I refer to the notice about *Industrial Archaeology Review* (January 7). Your reviewer, as part of his notice, purports to give a history of earlier journals concerning industrial archaeology, in which there are a number of minor inaccuracies.

However, I am more concerned at the moment to set the record straight about the new venture jointly sponsored by Oxford University Press and the Association for Industrial Archaeology. I am of course delighted that Phillip Riden is pleased with the new journal, though he comments on the fact that articles are printed in double column, he does not recognize that each full page of print consists of approximately 850 words, and therefore regards the issue as mostly short notes. Thus, articles may not appear to be as long as in reality they are. The current issue contains ten articles (two of which specifically include the term "comment" within their titles) and papers are indeed short, but even allowing for illustrations the total word length approaches 60,000.

If Mr Riden's own literary output was of greater historical significance, one might be prepared to forgive his intellectual arrogance (a major failing in a young and relatively inexperienced scholar) in judging the work of others. As editor, I should say that the articles were included on account of their merit after due consultation with an editorial board, all of whom have proved themselves better qualified to comment than Mr Riden. The geographical coverage of the issue was wide, as Mr Riden's comments on three of them indicate; the different methods and approaches of fieldworkers are indicated; the aims and the objectives of the publication were clearly stated but not evaluated by your reviewer.

Very substantial and authoritative articles can often concern themselves with local subjects; a criticism heavily on tendentious fictions or illusions belonging to the third group.

Now the Siberian (and most important) part of Sokolov's dossier was available for study from 1919, when Professor Tersner, Kolchak's last Minister of Justice, had twelve copies made, including the depositions of the murdered Medvedev and the other Ekaterinburg witnesses. He published some extracts in the *Saturday Evening Post* in July/August 1920 and provided General Dietrichs with the material for his exhaustive account of the case (Vladivostok, 1922). It is thanks to Dietrichs that we can assess the megalomaniac liar Kirsta (the concoctor of the Perm legend of survival), that we can reject the tainted testimonial of a minor lawyer, Vlkhomirov, on Kirsta's behalf and that we can understand why Sokolov did not think Kirsta's inventions worthy of any notice at all. Second, there is no good reason to reject the confessions or hoaxts of Bykov, Byeloborodov and Voikov, the Bolshevik criminals, whose published statements the authors prefer to write off. As for the mass of worthless tittle-tattle the authors have piled up, it ranges from the self-deceptions of French and American journalists lost in Siberia in 1918 to the imaginings of a nonagenarian ballerina in 1967 and the dubious sweepings collected by Mr Peter Bessell, the former Liberal MP, at present residing on the beach in California. It serves merely to confuse the issues and obscure the truth. The solid evidence collected by Sokolov and his predecessor, Sergeev (whom the authors profess to respect) cannot be disputed. These testimonies establish the fact of the brutish massacre on the night of July 16/17, 1918. They are reliably confirmed by the Bolshevik witnesses themselves. It is offensive as well as irresponsible to write them off as an elaborate propaganda exercise.

IGOR VINOGRADOFF.
Broughton Grange, Banbury, Oxfordshire.

Sir,—The energy which Anthony Summers and Tom Mangold put into research for *The File on the Tsar* is commendable but one cannot say the same for their conclusions.

Mr Summers says (Letters, December 24, 1976) that they do not endorse the claim of Anna Anderson to being Anastasia Romanova. But this is the thrust of the book which devotes fifty-two pages of 324 of text to a sympathetic examination of her claims.

And the presentation of evidence takes a form to support the idea that Anna Anderson could well be Anastasia. The core of the Summers-Mangold case is materials which the Tsarist investigator, Nikolai Sokolov ferreted out. To over-simplify their case is Sokolov turned inside out. What he accepted they reject. What he rejected they accept. They bypass the fact that the meticulous Russian scholar S. P. Melgunov examined Sokolov's evidence and much more material and found no basis for the "survival" theory.

The Summers-Mangold version suggests that the Sokolov archive at Harvard's Houghton Library had long been "lost". But as Richard Pipes, the distinguished American scholar, has noted, he himself deposited the materials there. Pipes quotes Secretary Kissinger's remark about the Summers-Mangold materials ("That story is a lot of crap") with approval. I congratulate Summers-Mangold on their frankness in recording the Kissinger comment. I doubt if the Secretary really knows much about the case but it is difficult to argue with his snap judgment.

HARRISON E. SALISBURY.
The New York Times, Times Square, New York.

Brecht

Sir,—In his letter about Brecht (Letters, January 14), Ronald Gray asks for general acknowledgement of the view that the play *The Measures Taken* represents its author "at his most contrivedly inhuman". Brecht of course cannot answer this charge himself, and as the play is little known—though perhaps proportionally notorious—here, and not yet available in an English edition, I hope a word in its defence is in order.

This work, dating from 1930, in which a young communist agitator is summarily shot by his comrades because, through over emotional reaction to social evils, he becomes hysterical, jeopardizes their political work and lives, and nearly provokes an international incident, can indeed sadly sound callous and inhuman when told in outline. However, it should be remembered, as it was always stressed by Brecht himself, that it is not a play in the ordinary sense of the word, but a *Lehrstück*, a learning play—a kind of "exhibition" (the word used in the original programme note) written to provoke thought and discussion about its subject, not primarily among those who read, or even who watched it, but among those who performed it, namely the Workers' Choirs of Berlin for whom it was originally written and by whom it was first performed. That is why Brecht subsequently discouraged and disallowed its conventional performance when it was "rediscovered" after the war.

For those with German who want to read the four different versions of the play, in which Brecht took account of criticisms, as well as a full collection of contemporary and modern reviews and essays on it, there is a 500-page critical edition, edited by Reiner Steinweg (*Die Massnahme*, Suhrkamp, 1972). Meanwhile, it would surely be fair to await the forthcoming publication of a proper English language edition of this rare though controversial work before asking for its general condemnation here.

NICHOLAS JACOBS.
10 Burghley Road, London NW5.

'The File on the Tsar'

Sir,—May I reply to Anthony Summers's polemic (Letters, December 24)? The problem of the Imperial Family's fate in 1918 can never be finally settled for lack of death certificates to satisfy a Court of Probate. Hence the successive crops of legends and pretenders which go on multiplying to the present day. It is, however, possible to distinguish three categories of evidence on which a dispassionate review of the probabilities can be based. (i) The large dossier of depositions and other material, on which Sokolov, after examining magistrate in charge of the case, relied for what has become the accepted account of the Ekaterinburg massacre of July 1918, a version which Messrs Summers and Mangold (the authors of *The File on the Tsar*) violently controvert. (ii) The evidence of several Bolshevik Kommissars who took part in the crime. (iii) A quantity of second and third-hand hearsay, partly dating from those desperate months in 1918-1919, when rumours multiplied for lack of positive proof, heavily supplemented from the soggy recollections of up to fifty years later on.

The authors claim to have made a "major breakthrough" with the discovery of seven volumes of Sokolov's dossier in the Houghton Library, showing — they believe — that Sokolov's selections were made in bad faith and involve much suppression of the truth. They dismiss the second category of evidence with scorn and rely

Among this week's contributors

NIKOLAY ANDREYEV is the author of *Studies in Muscovy, Western Influence and Byzantine Inheritance*, 1970.

C. R. BOXER's books include *The Portuguese Seaborne Empire 1415-1825*, 1969, and *Anglo-Dutch Wars of the Seventeenth Century*, 1974.

CHRISTOPHER BROWN is an Assistant Keeper at the National Gallery.

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG is the author of *Russia under Khrushchev*, 1962, and *In Quest of Justice: Protest and Dissent in the Soviet Union Today*, 1970.

DOUGLAS BUSH's books include *Matthew Arnold*, 1972, and *Jane Austen*, 1975.

COLIN CHAMPION is a Lecturer in Sociology at the London School of Economics.

DAN DAVIN's *Closing Times* was published in 1975.

LEONARD K. EATON is the author of *Two Chicago Architects and their Clients*, 1969.

JORGE EDWARDS's *Persona Non Grata* was published in English earlier this month.

PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR's books include *The Violins of Saint Jacques*, 1953, and *Roumeli*, 1966.

JOHN E. FLINT's *Cecil Rhodes* was published last year.

HOWARD GARDNER's *The Shattered Mind* will be published later this year by Routledge and Kegan Paul.

PETER GAY's recent books include *Style in History*, 1975, and *Art and Act*, 1976.

LESLIE HALLIWELL is the author of *Horror Films: a Companion*, the sixth edition of which will be published later this year.

JOHN KENYON's *The Popish Plot* was published in 1972.

V. G. KIERNAN is the author of *Marxism and Imperialism*, 1974.

J. V. S. MEGAW's *Art of the European Iron Age* was published in 1971.

FERGUS MILLAR's *The Emperor in the Roman World* will be published this year.

EARL MINER's books include *Japanese Poetic Diaries*, 1969, and *The Cavalier Mode from Jonson to Cotton*, 1972.

TAO TAO SANDERS is a Fellow of Wolfson College, Oxford, and the translator of *Red Candle*, poems by Wen I-To.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO's books include *The Communist Party of the Soviet Union*, 1960, and *Totalitarianism*, 1972.

CHARLES WHEELER was BBC correspondent in Washington from 1965 to 1973.

ROBERT S. WISTRICH's *Revolutionary Jews* was published last year.

Posterity

Sir,—In your Commentary of January 14, T. J. White coats and quotes", G. J. Marx is credited with the complaint, "What has posterity ever done for me?" He was anticipated, however, by Joseph Addison (*Spectator*, No 583, August 20, 1714) when he recalled "an old Fellow of a College, who when he was pressed by the Society to come into something that might redound to the good of their Successors, grew very peevish: 'I'll *always doing*, says he, *something for Posterity, but I would fain see Posterity do something for us*'".

JAMES SUTHERLAND.
Courtenay Pitts, All Saints Lane, Sutton Courtenay, Oxfordshire.

R. H. Tawney

Sir,—That I can agree with Mr Richard Cobb's choice of underrated books cannot make me forgive his description of R. H. Tawney as unimaginative and a *mean* man (the italics are his). Mean, Tawney? Tawney, a man in whom there was not a thread of meanness in any sense the word can be given. He was a proud man, in his steadfast passion for social justice, his distaste for the place-seeker, the invincore and the heartless, and he had a humility of his great courage, personal and moral. There was not a mean or craven impulse in him. Many of those who would speak for him are dead. I beg to be let speak for one of them.

STORM JAMESON,
(Mrs Guy Chapman).
11 Larchfield, Gough Way, Cambridge.

Reputations Revisited

Sir,—As a long resident alien, it was perhaps with a gentle touch of vertigo that one saw so many of one's quietly accumulated assumptions about English intellectual life both compressed and dramatized in your panoply of mini-judgments ("Reputations Revisited", January 21). Had one come too much to take for granted the hatred of imagination, the fear of the grand design or the overwrought phrase, the horror of the embarrassment lurking in the over-stretched? And at the same time, the idealization of the dry, the ironical, the flip or even the whimsical, the neat, tidy and small scale? Without arguing the merits of particular cases it is still a quality of taste—or rather distaste—which comes to life in the abuse of "charlatans", "pretentiousness", "generalities", the mythicizing, the "constructors of theories and systems, the glamorous, the excessive comparatists, the (so easily identified) "fraudulent".

Of course it is difficult to know what people think they mean, if gestural criticism can. Or what means anything at all, but to some one who has looked faintly closely at Matraux's rhetoric one does feel that the confident sneers are based more on the roading of fulsome obituaries or perhaps the fruity trivia of Mme de Courcel's recent garland, than on a rereading of *La Condition Humaine*.

I suppose there is an enchanting absurdity in the whole exercise where works of every sort, of every kind of intention and scale are jumbled into a jolly parlour game to help lull readers through a long and tedious weekend. But the indirect message perhaps has a little more interest and points, however indistinctly—with the exceptions this implies—at an intellectual climate dominated by something akin to dreariness of spirit, where narrow complacencies and tepid pleasures flourish at the expense of the creative.

WILLIAM RIGHTER.
Department of English, University of Warwick.

'The Death of Venice'

Sir,—Reading Bruce Boucher's review in your issue of December 17, 1976, of Stephen Fay and Phillip Knightley's *The Death of Venice* has prompted me to put into words certain ideas which I have been forming in recent months. Let me say at the outset that I am as concerned as anyone about the fate of Venice, it may be that the control of the flood waters of the Adriatic is being tackled in the wrong way, but Mr Boucher's review rather raises wider implications, not to say assertions. These seem to me to be symptomatic of an attitude which I have sensed as not uncommon among people who ought to know better, let alone among those whom one would not expect to—the attitude is a recrudescence of the old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon superiority towards Italy and the Italians, never pardonable and particularly unjustifiable at the present time.

Mr Boucher talks of the destruction of much of Italy's cultural and environmental heritage in the past few decades". Has he no idea of the spectacular work of restoration that has been done in Italy since the war? One might expect one or two mistakes, he did a little tour last summer of those delightful cities down the railway line from Milan to Bologna and back by way of Ravenna and Ferrara. Having last seen that area in 1951, I was deeply impressed by the extent and accomplished by the extent and reconcilite allusion whose complexities defy translation) entitled "To Jupiter" and written very probably in 1619. The poem starts "Tonante Monseñor de cuándo acá/fulminas jovenetos?..." and ends with the lines "y los Acrocerauntios montes no./ Oh Júpiter, oh, tú, mil veces tú!" Góngora's sources, as is well known, are to be found in Horace's *Carmina*, II, 5.1 for the beginning of the sonnet, and I, 3.2 "Qui vidit maro turgidum et/infamis scopulos alta Ceraunia." for the last lines.

DANIEL WAISSBEIN.
35 Harefields, Oxford.

We regret that due to difficulties of, transmission there were some errors in Vladimir Nabokov's contribution to "Reputations Revisited" in last week's *TLS*. The passage should read as follows:

The Testimonee Friends by H. G. Wells, is my most prized example of the unjustly ignored masterpiece. I must have been fourteen or fifteen when I went through its author's fiction after some five winters of tacit access to my father's library. Today, at seventy-seven I clearly remember how affected I was by the style, the charm, the dream of the book, while not bothering about its "message" or "symbols" if any. I have never reread it and now I see it as a coloured haze leaving only some final details—growing a little closer to me in time—still coming through.

The last meeting of the lovers takes place under legal supervision on a summer's day in a stranger's drawing room where the furniture is swathed in white covers. As Stephen, after parting with his mistress, walks out of the house in company with another person, he says to the latter (simply to say something and finding only a poor little statement concerning those draped chairs):

"Because of the flies."

A touch of high art refused in Conrad or Lawrence.

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Information please

Ella S. Armitage author of *The Early Norman Castles of the British Isles*: whereabouts of any letters to or from her.

J. Counihan.
19 Powis Square, Brighton BN1 3HG.

Ulrich A. Boschwitz (1919-41) author of *The Man Who Took Trains*: whereabouts of his biography or his papers.

Thomas S. Hansen.
Department of German, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, USA.

Randolph Bourne (1886-1918): whereabouts of any letters to or from English correspondents. Also whereabouts of the papers of S. M. Bligh, author of *The Desire for Qualities*, with whom Bourne corresponded between 1911 and 1913.

Eric J. Sandeen.
American Studies Program, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa 52242, USA.

Aaron Burr (1756-1836): whereabouts of any letters to or from Burr or any documents written by Burr.

M. J. Kline.
The Papers of Aaron Burr, New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, New York, New York 10024, USA.

Thomas Carlyle: the source of the phrase "beautiful bottle of soda-water" which occurs either in his works or in his letters.

J. H. Acheson.
Department of English, University of Canterbury, Christchurch 1, New Zealand.

Edward Carpenter (1844-1929): whereabouts of any letters, manuscripts, journals or any information from those who knew him, for a critical study.

John Colmer.
Department of English Language and Literature, GPO Box 498, Adelaide, South Australia 5000.

Brigadier - General Frank Percy Crozier (1870-1937): any information about him.

R. W. Taylor.
50 Maclaren Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

William De Morgan (1839-1917) English novelist: whereabouts of family papers or letters.

Nancy G. Wilds.
94 Lonsdale Road, Oxford OX2 7EB.

Rosina Despard (Miss R. C. Morton): any personal memories or any photographs, for a book on the Chelteham Ghost.

Andrew MacKenzie.
The Society for Psychical Research, 1 Adam and Eve Mews, London W8.

Johannes Factotum, associate of Roger Bacon: whereabouts of any information.

Joan Overton Fuller.
Steep House, 6 Church Lane, Wymington, Rushden, Northants NN10 9LW.

F. Scott Fitzgerald: whereabouts of any letters.

Matthew J. Bruccoli.
Department of English, University of South Carolina, Columbia, South Carolina 29208, USA.

Helen Friedlaender: any information about her life and works, especially the whereabouts of her poem "The Price".

Minerva Publishing House.
24 Hells Road, Egmore, Madras 8, India.

Michal Golenlewski, ex-Intelligence official and alleged heir to the Russian throne: any information about his family or political background.

D. L. W. Ashton.
Care of Foreign Affairs Publishing Co, 139 Petersham Road, Richmond, Surrey.

Anne Hyde Greet, author of "Au Jardin du Luxembourg": any information about her.

Gerda Mayer.
12 Margaret Avenue, Chingford, London E4 7NP.

Richard Hurd, Bishop of Worcester (1720-1808): whereabouts of any letters or manuscripts.

Sarah Brewer.
83 Oakfield Road, Selly Park, Birmingham 29.

D. A. HAMER

Coming March
The Politics of Electoral Pressure:
A Study in History of Victorian Reform Agitations,
D.A. Hamer,
£10.95
HARVESTER PRESS

Simplicity for sophisticates

By Leonard K. Eaton

JOHN SERGEANT:
Frank Lloyd Wright's Usonian Houses
The Case for Organic Architecture
207pp. Whitney Library of Design/Watson-Guptill Publications. £17.15.

The author of this excellent book is a young English architect who, on his first visit to the United States, in 1964, pondered the extremes of the climate and the invariable overcompensation for them in American buildings. On visiting the Bazett and Hanna houses by Frank Lloyd Wright, John Sergeant found them to be dwellings which, in contradistinction to the prevailing mode, lacked air conditioning, and whose fabrics let and insulated themselves. No good study, he noted, related these structures to the whole body of Wright's work, and five years later he set out on a 29,000-mile journey whose objective was to rectify this strange deficiency in the literature. He has done so in brilliant style.

This book is organized in six chapters and a series of appendixes. The first chapter deals with the "Usonian concept", and it is undoubtedly the best analysis which we have had to date of the conditions governing Wright's architecture of the 1930s and early 1940s. Mr Sergeant's key building here is the Jacobs house of 1937 at Madison, Wisconsin, for a built for $5,500, including the architect's fee, and it can be understood as Wright's effort to come to grips with the economic crisis of the decade. There followed a series of houses in different plan forms and different parts of the country which can, none the less, be termed variations on a theme. Mr Sergeant's breakdown of the Usonians into five different plan types is, in my mind, possible to say anything definite come. These buildings had in common a characteristic Wrightian sense of space, an advanced system of building construction (notably the famous sandwich panels) and gravity heat buried in the floor slab. Though they suffered from the technology available to Wright (copper would have been better than wrought iron for the heating pipes) they have held up amazingly well, as demonstrations of advanced environmental technology. Mr Sergeant shrewdly observes that the least successful aspect of the Usonians was the lighting system. It necessitated extra time and labor that did not fully meet with Wright's intention of highly simplified construction and operation of the building trades". The idea that clients would do much of their own work was implicit in most of these houses, and wiring was generally beyond even the most skilled among them.

In the second chapter the author effectively illustrates the bewildering architectural richness which Wright obtained from the Usonian theme. Among the group which the author shows each reader will have his own favourite. Mr Sergeant's own vote obviously goes to the Pew house of 1940 at Madison, Wisconsin; mine would go to the Affleck house of 1941 at Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, but this preference may merely be the result of having visited the latter two or three times. Sergeant has performed a real service in uncovering and illustrating several Usonians never before published, especially the Rebhuhn house of 1938 at Great Neck, Long Island. As to his coverage of the individual buildings, he notes the clients, their occupations, the location, the year of design, the best published source, the builder/supervisor, the floor area and, where available, the cost. This last figure is not included as frequently as one might hope. In several cases costs might very well have been obtained from city building departments. The drawings, however, always include plans, and sometimes sections, and are noteworthy for their clarity. The inclusion of Richard Mac-Cormac's spatial analysis is also excellent. The photographs are a mixed bag; some are sharp and well defined in every respect, while others are almost blotchy. There are, however, enough details to satisfy almost any Wright aficionado.

Another chapter is devoted to Wright as educator, the Taliesin Fellowship, and the role of Wright's apprentices in supervising the Usonians. In this section Mr Sergeant is quite possibly not as hard on Wright's practice as an American writer might have been—or perhaps those years at that place are now suffused by a romantic glow, like the Gropius period of the Bauhaus. Many people left Taliesin because of the stifling atmosphere, and Mr Sergeant did not interview them. Of course he could not have done so, or the book would have become inordinately long and complex. As it stands, he has made the best assessment yet of the Usonian houses, and his evaluation of them in terms of energy consumption is, to say the least, provocative.

Broadacre City deserves, and receives, a chapter to itself. Like Norris Kelly Smith, Mr Sergeant recognizes the centrality of this concept in Wright's thought, and he places it not only in the American tradition of utopian thinking but also in the agitated but vital political atmosphere of the United States during the 1930s. For a European this is a substantial achievement, since the entire experience of this country in those years was so much at variance with anything in the Old World. (One writer remarked, "Who did the British get? Baldwin and Chamberlain. Who did we turn up? F.D.R.") Whether decentralization and a back-to-the-land movement have any validity in the 1970s is an open question, but it is interesting that versions of the Broadacre City idea keep cropping up among the young people who have set out to build new societies in the American and Canadian wilderness during the past decade. Mr Sergeant may very well be correct when he calls the concept "a scenario for change".

Most difficult of all to evaluate are the two chapters, "Popularizing Organic Architecture" and "The Implications of Organic Design". Without a nationwide survey, which would have to be extremely well financed, it would, indeed, be impossible to say anything definite about Frank Lloyd Wright's impact on American domestic architecture. Mr Sergeant puts considerable emphasis on the influence of two houses in Oskaloosa, Iowa. This is all very well, but how many towns like Oskaloosa are there? One wonders about the author's statement: "The American home of the late nineteen-fifties and early nineteen-sixties does represent a distinct architectural achievement." It would probably be more accurate to observe that the least successful aspect of the Usonians was the organic design had a startling impact on an as yet unascertained number of architects and builders working across the country. The assessment of this impact may have to wait for another decade or two. Among the "Wrightian" architects working in the United States, Bruce Goff seems to be the most interesting for Mr Sergeant. In his interesting for Mr Sergeant. In his interest in Goff, he resembles certain other Europeans, notably Reyner Banham, who see in Goff something quintessentially American.

In two important respects Mr Sergeant makes important contributions to Wright studies. His analysis of the Usonian clients demonstrates that they were substantially different from those who came to Wright for "prairie houses" before 1912. The latter were largely solid businessman types of a gadgety frame of mind, often with a fondness for music. They were not artistic, as the word is ordinarily used, and had no idea that they were going to a master. They went to Wright for his demonstrated competence in architectural design. The Usonian clients, on the other hand, were more literate, and usually attracted to Wright by his reputation and his writings. A large number had read his autobiography. Second, Mr Sergeant gives due credit to the master craftsmen who were responsible for the construction of many of the most important Usonian houses. These men, particularly Ben Wiltschek and Harold Turner, were as important to Wright as was O. W. Nocross to H. H. Richardson. Without them it is hard to see how Wright's vision could have been carried through. At last they receive the credit which they deserve.

In summary, this is not the complete book on Wright's Usonian houses. That can only be written when the Taliesin archives are open to the inspection of scholars, and Mr Sergeant, like all who have written on Wright in recent years, justifiably complains that a present it Bruce Pfeiffer has sole access to these precious drawings. After reading his book carefully, I believe that Mr Sergeant has worked almost entirely from published materials. He may have seen a few sets of working drawings in the hands of obliging owners, but that is about all. His complaint is firm but not strident in tone. The situation is, of course, a national calamity for architectural historians in the United States. It makes Mr Sergeant's achievement all the more remarkable. He has given us a book which is as thorough as the circumstances will allow and which does a superlative job in analysing one of the most remarkable phases in the career of America's greatest architect.

Bay Area Houses, edited by Sally Woodbridge and introduced by David Gebhard (329pp. Oxford University Press. £16.75), argues that, despite great diversity in the buildings of the San Francisco Bay Area, there is a distinct local tradition which has flourished since the 1890s. Six essays by different contributors cover periods from the turn of the century to the present day and describe, with the aid of excellent photographs and diagrams, the extraordinary range of influences which have modified the tradition.

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Cauldrons of Celtic plenty

By J. V. S. Megaw

MORNA MacGREGOR:
Early Celtic Art in North Britain
Volume 1: 240pp with 16 plates, 22 maps, 7 line-drawings.
Volume 2: 420pp with 327 line-drawings.
Leicester University Press. £25.

JOHN BRAILSFORD:
Early Celtic Masterpieces from Britain in the British Museum
103pp with 147 illustrations. British Museum Publications. £4.50.

PAUL-MARIE DUVAL and CHRISTOPHER HAWKES (Editors):
Celtic Art in Ancient Europe
Five Protohistoric Centuries
316pp with 113 illustrations. Academic Press. £12.80.

Probably no phase of early European art is at once so attractive and intriguing as that of the Celtic pre-Roman Iron Age, and probably no other phase is so intractable to lasting interpretation and analysis. Surviving pieces—other than pottery—scarcely match in number the five centuries or so of its *floruit* while its known distribution extends practically as far as the furthest historically and archaeologically attested settlement of the Celts themselves—from the west of Ireland to Asia Minor. In recent years a number of major exhibitions, notably that first assembled for the 1970 Edinburgh Festival, have made many aware that there is more to Celtic art than early Christian manuscripts.

Although the Celtic stylistic amalgam of original creative genius, *interpretationes Celticae* of classical Italo-Greek motifs, and apparent cross-cousinly relationships with contemporary oriental and nomadic art has found its place in most recently published surveys of European art-history, few extended studies have appeared since Paul Jacobsthal's *Early Celtic Art*, first published in 1944 and reissued by the Clarendon Press in 1969 or, so far as insular material goes, Sir Cyril Fox's *Pattern and Purpose: Early Celtic Art in Britain* (1958). Now in a matter of months no less than three new books in this field have appeared: a short but profusely illustrated guide to the wealth of insular Celtic art in our major national collections; the first monograph ever to be devoted to a detailed regional study of British Iron Age art; and a wide-ranging seminar held under French auspices at Oxford in 1972.

Art books of specialist interest, let alone mass-appeal, are notoriously expensive to produce and so it is interesting to see that Morna MacGregor's two-volume study has been printed offset from unjustified typewritten copy. There is little new in this; what is surprising is that more use has not been made so far by British archaeological publishers of the flexibility offered for the layout of text and illustrations so useful when, as here, one is concerned with the presentation of a catalogue of artifacts. The simple but, one expects, hard-wearing cloth binding and elipsed endpapers confirm one's first impression—this study is a welcome and lasting working tool for the scholar of the period.

Equally obviously, John Brailsford's picture-book with commentary is an introduction for the general reader and none the worse for that. Some irritating cut-outs and muddy half-tones consort unfavourably with a well-selected, well-reproduced selection of colour plates; the line-drawings are clear but when contrasted with Dr MacGregor's own sensitive draftsmanship, somewhat mechanical and miss the subtle variations in detail and departures from the seemingly symmetrical which characterizes so much of Celtic art.

The same comment could be made of many of the text-figures in the collection of Oxford papers edited by Paul-Marie Duval and Christopher Hawkes which, unlike the other books is produced by conventional letterpress but with art paper throughout allowing full integration of text and illustrations. Like many products from this imprint, however, *Celtic Art in Ancient Europe* gives the impression of having been put together rather than designed.

We have, in this new Celtic triad, three faces which one would hope both reflect the nature of the art they study and look inward at the nature of it, attempting to penetrate beyond the fringe of mere form to an understanding of the evolution and interrelationship of the varying styles within Iron Age culture as a whole. It is hardly surprising if these ends should prove to have been achieved with somewhat variable success, perhaps not least since those concerned are, with some notable exceptions, largely untrained as art-historians and unskilled in the crafts they study.

As a visual introduction, the selection of *Early Celtic Masterpieces from Britain in the British Museum* is judicious enough, ranging as it does from "the best-known piece of Early Celtic craftsmanship from Britain", the Battersea shield and related examples of parade armour from elsewhere in the Thames and the River Witham, to the splendid Boudiccan gold and electrum neck and arm-rings from the territory of the Iceni in East Anglia. The mirrors from Desborough in Northamptonshire and that recently found at Holcombe in Devonshire enshrine in their complex lay-out characteristic elusive Celtic imagery as Brailsford points out; though it is in fact on matters of design and technique that his texts are often somewhat lacking. The vital role of complex and carefully laid out compass patterns in this mirror art of the period around the Claudian invasion is however the subject of one of the Oxford papers, by Philip Lowery and Richard Savage, both, significantly enough, practising metalsmiths.

The latest pieces to be illustrated by Brailsford are the North British massive cast bronze or brass armlets with inset glass roundels. These, as Dr MacGregor demonstrates in *Early Celtic Art in North Britain*, are striking "products of a renaissance of decorative skills in the late first and second centuries AD" with stylistic affinities to metalwork of the Brigantian region of north-east England. This renaissance may have developed at least in part in the wake of the contemporary atmosphere of political turmoil and population movement occasioned by the establishment and expansion north of the Roman military province. Indeed, one of Dr MacGregor's main achievements in what is one of the most stylish and yet almost too self-effacing studies it has been my pleasure to read in recent years, is her discussion of the possible reasons for the genesis and stylistic development of the considerable quantity of decorative metalwork produced in North Britain in the first two or three centuries AD. The degree to which Rome and particularly the Roman army not only commissioned but in some manner exerted aesthetic influence on the transformation of certain native artistic forms has been the subject of a long-lasting and still inconclusive debate.

Stylistic analysis is, as Dr MacGregor notes, archaeologically unfashionable and certainly nowhere more difficult than when dealing with Iron Age art lacking as much of it does any chronological attribution. Fortunately, however, Dr MacGregor has firmly grasped the thistle and argues for the movement northwards of Celtic craftsmen, rather than craftwork as being a key factor in significant developments such as the occurrence of certain "lowland" elements in North British art.

However ephemeral; her four-fold division of stylistic "schools" may be, Dr MacGregor has constructed a firm foundation for future discussion, not the least by her concise consideration of an often neglected but undoubtedly key element in what the terms "the Rip van Winkle awakening of Celtic art in the Dark Ages". This is best represented by the group of open-work ornaments incorporating spindly trumpet-like motifs which, produced originally in central Europe, had a wide vogue throughout virtually the whole Roman Empire in the second and third centuries AD. The final concept imparted by such material is the tenacity, the power of survival of essential Celtic quality in the face of adversity, a factor not limited to art alone.

Such aesthetic, indeed philosophical considerations are far from ignored in the collection of papers by British, French, German, Czech and Danish contributors which make up *Celtic Art in Ancient Europe*. But this is a very different cauldron of plenty. Two main types of study are represented, discussion of individual pieces or restricted groups of insular origin and attempts to refine the "styles" to be detected in the earlier—that is, fifth to early third centuries BC—phases of Continental Celtic art. Also included are two important and so far all-too-rare attempts to study both Continental and insular native coinage as an integral if somewhat individual element in Celtic art. Lacking only, as far as stylistic coverage is concerned, is anything on the various related Continental groups of decorated metal sword scabbards of the later fourth to early second centuries. Though this deficiency may be made up elsewhere, this is a vital omission since, inexplicable though it may seem, these sword "substyles" seem to bridge Celtic art from Hungary through to the British Isles.

More significant indeed is that, despite some most timely and trenchant criticism of terminological and technological inexactitude, I miss any real attempt at true style analysis as opposed to or rather in explanation of simple trait listings, in view of the similarities which can so frequently be seen to extend so widely horizontally in space and vertically through time, the need becomes paramount to define just what particularly makes Celtic art Celtic.

Only in Professor Hawkes's opening essay, examining Celtic wealth, power and art and Stuart Piggott's customary elegant summing-up do we, perhaps predictably, seem to be coming to grips with art as an integral element of society. Even here what is termed by Piggott "the discontinuity of aristocratic art" as compared with the continuity of "peasant" crafts (e.g. pottery making), whereby the ready acceptance by the former of certain new objects or ideas may lead to sudden and radical stylistic changes, is perhaps more elegant than it is lasting, particularly in the context of insular art. The significance of the hoarding and exchange of gifts to which Professor Piggott also alludes has been discussed by others as a key element in many stratified societies, both ethnographic and prehistoric.

Largely missing, however, except again in Professor Piggott's concluding remarks, is a discussion of the role and nature of the craftsman/artist himself. To consider in any detail style and style change without some thought of those responsible for its development is surely an arid task; a task made nigh impossible, be it readily acknowledged, by the virtual silence on this matter of documentary sources, including that long-time standby, the old Irish hero tales. The role of the merchant, in particular with regard to coinage or the introduction of exotic raw materials—coral, glass—no less than the mobility of at least some Celtic craftsmen may, however much the latter has been recently challenged, explain some transforming of stylistic concepts as suggested these papers but in fact, urgent greater detail in an insular co by Dr MacGregor.

How much the study of Roman Celtic art has progress, now more than a c after the first major discov were made, is nowhere more demonstrated than in the Oxford papers which deal with most westerly aspects of ins art.

Michael Duignan in discussi and for the first time really quantly illustrating—the Thorn Galway, stone shows clearly there can no longer be any ment for its direct relations with fourth-century Continen styles but rather that it belongs an advanced stage of insular Celt art perhaps in the first century and to be compared with the ma ern engraved mirrors. The Savory's study of the La Tène sty in Wales, while one must agr with the often hitherto ignor stylistic importance of the metal the province in particular, p points the continuing see-saw opinions which is likely to rema a feature of the study of the gro discontinuity in Celtic art—b which lies between the already cally ill-defined beginnings of lar styles and those of the Continent.

Pre-Roman Celtic art must seem to be a lost cause indeed to many concerned with the broader and well sign-posted path of Western art-history. But perhaps in fact what is needed now is a new interest from art-historians themselves to join the increasingly aesthetic awareness and terminological and technological rigour which I am sure will result from a thorough perusal of these fundamental and thought-provoking studies. I have only one last feeling of disquiet; what if the archaeologist's methodology should already be in advance of that of his art historian colleagues?

Outline is all

By Peter Keating

BRIGID BROPHY:
Beardsley and his World
128pp, Thames and Hudson. £3.50.

"I am anxious to say something somewhere, on the subject of *lines* and line drawing", Aubrey Beardsley wrote to his former school teacher A. W. King on Christmas Day 1891, and added: "How little the importance of outline is understood even by some of the best *painters*." At this time Beardsley was nineteen years old; he had recently been told by Burne-Jones that he would one day "assuredly paint very great and beautiful pictures", and, on Burne-Jones's advice, he was attending evening classes at the Westminster School of Art.

As Brigid Brophy points out in this excellent book, Burne-Jones had "recognised the existence but not the nature of Beardsley's genius", this being to "create drawings which were completed pictures in themselves". At the moment when he rejected the advice that his future lay in painting and instead instead the "importance of outline", Beardsley had less than seven years to live, and he seems to have understood this as well. "I shall not live longer than old Keats", he proclaimed, and reinforcing both the truth of, and the reason for, this prophecy is the moving painting by Beardsley which is reproduced here, of Beardsley desultorily Hampstead Church in 1894 after attending the ceremonial unveiling of a bust of Keats. Elegantly dressed, gaunt, and appallingly thin, Beardsley seems to be dragging himself away from the gravestone. It is a picture, as Brigid Brophy says, "terrifying in the nakedness of its symbolism".

The format of the Thames and Hudson series in which *Beardsley and his World* is published depends for its success on a skilful blending of pictures and text, and here again this is managed superbly. There are photographs of Beardsley at various moments in his life, and of his relatives, homes, and lodgings, and examples of his work from the juvenile "Kate . . . Greenaway" sketches, through the drawings published in *The Studio*, *The Yellow Book*, and *The Savoy*, to the highly ornate illustrations for an edition of *Volpone* on which Beardsley was working when he died. Among the less familiar drawings are those illustrating Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*, and, just as sinister in every respect, there is a welcome reproduction of one of Beardsley's two surrealistic oil paintings.

The only curious omissions are the openly erotic illustrations of *Lysistrata*. Curious because one of them was reproduced in Brigid Brophy's earlier study of Beardsley, *Black and White* (1968). It is described here, in almost the same words, as a picture "aching with an explicit sexual frustration that was probably Beardsley's own", but without the drawing itself. It is tempting to ask why? Brigid Brophy is an insistent, and perceptive, on the generally erotic nature of Beardsley's art (especially phallic tassels and erections, which she finds everywhere) that the absence of the gigantic "aching" phallus from *Lysistrata* seems almost wilful or imposed.

In *Black and White* Brigid Brophy largely restricted herself to a critical examination of Beardsley's work: here, a far stronger emphasis is given to his life. Brighton, where Beardsley was born and spent many of his early years, is discussed as a major formative influence upon his imagination; the misleading reminiscences and exaggerated claims of his mother, Ellen Beardsley, are firmly corrected; some basic biographical facts are established for the first time; and throughout, there are illuminating conjectures on the relationship between Beardsley's brief, intense life, and the uneasily emergence and fruition of his genius. *Beardsley and his World* is an exceptionally attractive book and, at today's prices, a real bargain.

Back to the Pure Land

By Margaret Medley

TOSHIO FUKUYAMA:
Heian Temples
Byodo-In and Chuson-Ji
168pp with 43 photographs in colour, 113 black-and-white illustrations and 11 drawings. New York: Weatherhill. £6.

The difficulty of dealing fairly with the Heian temples resides in two things: first in the complexities of the Pure Land doctrine of Buddhism in its early stages, with the great numbers of monks and emperors' names involved in its development, and second in the enormous numbers of temples and specialized meditation halls that were built during a bare century and a half. A great number of the original buildings of the eleventh and twelfth century still survive, as do many of the sculptures. Of this remarkable period of spiritual growth and artistic creativity, Fukuyama necessarily fewer, also survive, but many in so final a state that they are rarely displayed, as for instance the great Amida Nyigo in Kongobuji on Koyosan. One usually only sees the copy that was made many years ago; excellent though this is, *when seen alongside the original it pales into insignificance.*

The grandeur of the sculpture of the period is offset to some extent, especially in Byodo-in, by the proportions and lightness of much of the architecture. Byodo-in an exceptional case, other temple buildings may be more sombre; perhaps having started as a secular building it has more inherent possibilities", he was ushering in a modern artistic age and justifying it in terms of the highest level of conceptual thought.

Much of the book, then, seeks to illustrate the greater cognitive achievements characteristic of recent artistic periods. Ms Gablik stresses that she is not concerned with aesthetic merit; only with the conceptual apparatus entailed in producing works of a certain order. Thus, Frank Stella emerges as "more advanced" but not necessarily as more praiseworthy than Leonardo. However, Ms Gablik is not content merely to take an those aesthetes who remain uneasy with any claims of progress; she wishes also to explain *why* changes come about. And, in so doing, she comes into direct conflict with many recent authorities, most eminently Gombrich, who oppose any attempt to propound laws of artistic change. In arguing that art history does indeed reflect a principled evolution, Ms Gablik embraces the view of Thomas Kuhn. She sees the history of art, like the history of science, as a series of "paradigm shifts"—fundamental revisions in the ways in which problems are posed and solved (as occurred, for instance, in the shift from a Newtonian to an Einsteinian view of the physical universe). Yet, sensitive to Kuhn's reluctance to speak of "progress" Ms Gablik rests her case finally on an amalgam of Piaget and Kuhn: each later artistic paradigm is seen as reflecting a higher-order integration of earlier stages.

Clearly, Ms Gablik has entered into a thicket of vexed theoretical issues. She has done her homework well: her accounts of Piaget and Kuhn are accurate and adequate. It should be noted, however, that she has transplanted her authorities to an area which they have (perhaps for good reason) avoided: neither Piaget nor Kuhn is much engaged with the arts, and each might justifiably protest that his ideas are out of place in that domain.

In outlining the positions central to her argument, then, Ms Gablik's work is estimable. Her discussions of Piaget, however, feature overdrawn contrasts, insufficiently justified points, unrollable examples. In contrasting the art of earlier eras with contemporary works, she proposes such dichotomies as "emotional vs rational," "perceptual vs conceptual," "perception vs intelligence." Not only do these antinomies do a disservice to the merits of ancient and medieval art: they also embrace distinctions shown to be inadequate in psychological writing. Various analogies do not hold water: for instance, to compare the medium of collage to a Chomskyian transformational grammar, reflects either impermissible poetic license, or a ludicrous misunderstanding of Chomsky's enterprise. She fails to consider the dubious nature of some of the evidence that she cites; for example, accepting uncritically Wittkower's Hudson's controversial studies of perception among native black Africans. Much of her argument is unconvincing, hand-waving: consider her grouping of Michelangelo and Francis Bacon for instance ("the images cluster, ramify, and precipitate progressively towards greater corporality, fluidity, and tangibility") or her claim that medieval art lacks an observer who is aware of self as distinct from things.

Such recurrent features raise the troublesome question of just how literally Ms Gablik wishes to be taken. Is she using Piaget merely as a convenient metaphor to enrich our understanding of art history: or does she really maintain that contemporary artists "think differently"? Nor is it clear whether she intends her theory to be merely a useful organizing principle, or a scientific theory which can lend itself to disproof. Ms Gablik seems to be hedging when she describes the recent turn to pop art and photorealism as "a regression", the fact that many ancient art works resemble contemporary productions in their degree of regularity and intricate "pure" patterns is answered with the claim (impossible to evaluate) that all these works were produced for a function, and that therefore the artist was not interested in form and possibilities for their own sake; and just when one is about to take Ms Gablik at her word, she reverts to general talk of "certain correspondences or isomorphisms".

This troublesome mélange may reflect Ms Gablik's training as a writer and an artist. Her book reads less like an academic treatise than like a pastiche of fragments, quotations, and arguments, some apt, some acceptable, some truly outlandish, which taken together none the less present an arresting point of view. Indeed, to borrow a phrase from one of Ms Gablik's authorities, she is reminiscent of a bricoleur posing as a scientist. Perhaps she should be read in that spirit; but independent of the quality of Ms Gablik's presentation, does her point of view make sense? I believe that, while her own viewpoint is problematic, a related position might be tenable.

The central flaw in Ms Gablik's argument is the use to which she puts Piaget's findings. Piaget has utilized intensive clinical interviews of children of different ages in order to determine the modes of reasoning embraced by these children: this procedure has documented that children of different ages reason about the world in fundamentally different ways. While it appears legitimate to draw inferences about individual modes of conceptualization through such procedures, there is obviously no way to interview whole cultures; nor has Ms Gablik interviewed any present (or past) artists in order to discover their modes of thinking. Thus we simply do not know at which level artists in different times of history have been thinking and working, let alone how "cultures as a whole" have thought—if that phrase has any meaning at all. It seems beyond challenge that composers like Bach, and poets like Dante, were capable of this most sophisticated form of reasoning. To deny Leonardo and Rembrandt this ability—just because they happened to portray realistic scenes—or to deny operational thought to entire cultures seems dubious at best.

To be sure, Ms Gablik makes no claim about the "developmental level" of specific artists. She contends, rather, that the art work of an era reflects certain levels of conceptualization. Yet it is extremely dangerous—as Ms Gablik knows—to attempt to characterize the "mental level" of a whole school, let alone several hundred years of artistry. That artists in one era may say different thing; or read different authors from those in other eras is one thing: to hold that they approach their artistry in fundamentally different ways involves a much more radical inference. If Ms Gablik claims that the artists themselves lack certain mental operations, she is propounding a conclusion that is nearly impossible to accept; if, on the other hand, she wants only to claim that the objects produced by conceptual artists like Judd or LeWitt represent a qualitatively higher degree of conceptualization than do those of Dürer or Piero della Francesca, then the works themselves belie this claim.

How, then, might Ms Gablik's point be salvaged? By focusing, I suggest, on factors in the aesthetic equation which she almost totally neglects—the audience for which the work has been prepared, and the cultural contexts within which it appears. Gifted artists of diverse epoch have in their notebooks, and sometimes, even within their work, attempted many of the same experiments that today fill contemporary art galleries. It is not the repertoire and talents of the artists that have fundamentally changed: rather the social definition of what is tolerated and sought has altered profoundly, and this—in interaction with the artist's goal—has given rise to new movements in art. An analysis focusing on interaction between artistic talent, expectancies of the audience, and the changing cultural context, might provide a more appropriate account of artistic change.

Despite these misgivings, I retain positive feelings about the work. Ms Gablik writes well; she has drawn intelligently on wide reading; she is willing to take an argument where it goes, and to step on prominent toes, without either sanctimony or deluding herself. Her work possesses an unmistakable excitement; following her opening claims, Ms Gablik marshals her argument with much vigour and conviction that one finds onesself hoping for her success. And, indeed, in her final section, where she offers a powerful critique of Gombrich's position, indicating that he has left unanswered a set of significant questions about contemporary art, Ms Gablik has made a genuine contribution to aesthetic analysis. Not least, at a time when modern art has been much ridiculed, when Tom Wolfe has recently penned a mockingly derisive essay about contemporary art, it is good to have someone conversant with the contemporary scene render a sympathetic account of artistic currents in our time.

Perhaps, above all, Ms Gablik's book is worth reading because of its originality. No one, to my knowledge, has undertaken such an effort in at least half a century; and unlike the earlier treatises by Wölfflin, Riegl, and Loewy, Ms Gablik's is armed with an impressive array of philosophical and psychological weapons with which to buttress her position. To some extent, whether one accepts this original work, in whole or in part, is a matter of taste. To my mind, Ms Gablik has effectively documented some principles at work in the evolution of art, but has been less convincing in her assertion of progress, in the cognitive sense that she intends.

But perhaps, in the last analysis, whether she is right may be unimportant. Ms Gablik has reopened for discussion a set of questions which has been too long ignored; and she has identified those theorists with the most pertinent insights to offer. Such works have in the past often been produced by someone outside the academy: one possessing the daring (and the freedom) to be iconoclastic. There are plenty in the academy who can (and will) trim Ms Gablik's excesses: we must be grateful that she has followed through on her initial inspirations.

The cognitive revolution

By Howard Gardner

SUZI GABLIK:
Progress in Art
192pp. Thames and Hudson. £8.50.

In this provocative book Suzi Gablik proposes to account for the course of art history. That the tastes and practices of artists change in a given direction, and reflecting determinable principles of development. She concludes that the history of Western graphic art entails a series of cognitive revolutions—comparable to those achieved over time in the mind of every normal child. Even as children become able to appreciate the laws of perspective, in the period just prior to adolescence, so Western artists, in their collective pre-adolescence, learned to render their subject-matter with geometric precision. And going beyond childhood, Ms Gablik sees the artists of the twentieth century as capable for the first time of the level of thought exhibited by adults: the capacity to reason purely in terms of verbal propositions (as in a logical proof), without recourse to images or other "concrete" materials. On this analysis such "conceptual" artists as Don Judd and Sol LeWitt have attained a "higher level of development" than Rembrandt, Titian, or Velasquez; for all their aesthetic merit, these latter artists are still "making art" at a conceptual level below that of the average contemporary practitioner.

So boldly stated, Ms Gablik's thesis appears hard to swallow, if not palpably absurd. Therefore it must be stressed at the outset that she has written a serious book, which deserves to be taken seriously. In support of her sensational contention, she draws on insights from the contemporary intellectual scene, in particular, from the works of Jean Piaget and Thomas Kuhn. Ms Gablik's work may be viewed as representative of recent attempts to wed to one another two hitherto disparate disciplines: for instance, within Ms Gablik's chosen domain of art history, the psychologically rooted analyses by Sir Ernst Gombrich, and by Rudolf Arnheim, are notable examples (there are numerous other attempts which merit no mention). When appropriately and sensitively executed, such enterprises yield genuine insights; yet, in less sure hands, the results can be disappointing, or even pernicious.

Ms Gablik's argument in the central portion of *Progress in Art* is that the three major stages in the mental development of the child as described by Piaget correspond to three "megaperiods of art history: pre-(ancient/medieval, Renaissance and modern). According to this analysis, the ancient or medieval artist—having no distance from his work—is capable of only static imagery and cannot organize space; the Renaissance artist can arrange all figures according to principles of perspective but is still restricted to depicting what is perceived world; the modern artist can portray space in a relativistic manner with all points assuming equal value: moreover, not tied to portraying the given world, the modern artist can instead develop any form that he wishes according to an infinite variety of possibilities, or, alternatively, in complete conformity to logical-mathematical systems. When Kandinsky announced: "I love the circle today as I once, for example, loved the horse . . . it has more inherent possibilities", he was ushering in a modern artistic age and justifying it in terms of the highest level of conceptual thought.

Much of the book, then, seeks to illustrate the greater cognitive achievements characteristic of recent artistic periods. Ms Gablik stresses that she is not concerned with aesthetic merit; only with the conceptual apparatus entailed in producing works of a certain order. Thus, Frank Stella emerges as "more advanced" but not necessarily as more praiseworthy than Leonardo. However, Ms Gablik is not content merely to take an those aesthetes who remain uneasy with any claims of progress; she wishes also to explain *why* changes come about. And, in so doing, she comes into direct conflict with many recent authorities, most eminently Gombrich, who oppose any attempt to propound laws of artistic change. In arguing that art history does indeed reflect a principled evolution, Ms Gablik embraces the view of Thomas Kuhn. She sees the history of art, like the history of science, as a series of "paradigm shifts"—fundamental revisions in the ways in which problems are posed and solved (as occurred, for instance, in the shift from a Newtonian to an Einsteinian view of the physical universe). Yet, sensitive to Kuhn's reluctance to speak of "progress" Ms Gablik rests her case finally on an amalgam of Piaget and Kuhn: each later artistic paradigm is seen as reflecting a higher-order integration of earlier stages.

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James Pryde (1866-1941), painter, wood engraver and pioneer of modern poster design: an etching by Joseph Simpson from the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland's collection. (See also caption page 102).

Review of the fleet

By Christopher Brown

M. S. ROBINSON (Editor):
van de Velde Drawings
A Catalogue of Drawings in the National Maritime Museum by the Elder and Younger Willem van de Velde
Volume 2.
360pp including 175 illustrations. Cambridge University Press. £20.

Michael Robinson is the *doyen* of British art historians of Dutch marine painting and this impeccable catalogue of van de Velde drawings represents the culmination of many years' work at the National Maritime Museum. The museum possesses by far the largest and finest holding of van de Velde drawings, 1,400 in all. In 1958 Mr Robinson published a catalogue of the van de Velde drawings then at Greenwich. It was reprinted in 1973 as the first volume of a complete catalogue.

This second volume comprises the great collection formed by Sir Bruce Ingram and given to the museum in 1957. Ingram retained thirty-five of his best van de Velde drawings during his lifetime and bequeathed them to the Fitzwilliam Museum. He began collecting in 1930—at the same time as Sir James Caird was building up the Greenwich collection. The different emphases of the two collectors is clear: Caird's interest was primarily documentary, while Ingram had an eye for quality. So while the Greenwich collection had the finest "portraits" of ships, Ingram bought figure scenes, topographical views and coastal scenes as well. Now together at Greenwich, the two groups give a clear idea of the variety and skill of the two artists, father and son, particularly Willem the Younger whom Horace Walpole thought "the greatest man that has appeared in this branch of painting; the palm is not less disputed with Raphael for history than with Vandervelde for sea-pieces".

Mr Robinson's method is exemplary: the publisher's note is quite right to boast that the two volumes will provide a standard terminology for art historians who wish to describe marine pictures accurately. Not only does he include information about watermarks and heraldry, he also provides an indispensable glossary of technical terms. His publishers are to be congratulated on the excellent quality of the colletype reproductions. Since his retirement Mr Robinson has been energetically pursuing his van de Velde studies, and his catalogue of the paintings of Willem the Younger is eagerly anticipated.

SAMIR AMIN
Coming February
Unequal Development
An Essay on the Social Formations of Peripheral Capitalism.
£10.50
HARVESTER PRESS

Mammon versus labour

By V. G. Kiernan

HUGH TINKER :
Separate and Unequal
India and the Indians in the British Commonwealth 1920-1950
460pp. Hurst. £8.50.

Hugh Tinker's previous book was a monumental study of indentured coolie labour from India, that thinly disguised new version of plantation slavery. Now he has followed it up with an examination of how Indian communities in British colonies, largely emancipated coolies or their descendants, found themselves treated in the closing decades of the Raj. Like its predecessor, *Separate and Unequal* is a massive accumulation of ordered detail, much of it from unpublished sources, with an eye always open to the dramas and ironies of history, and an unwearying exposure of its injustices.

"This is just as much a study of the British in their imperial rule as it is of the Indians", he says, and it provides a great many curious sidelights on that strange people and their strange empire. Its huge fabric, resting on some ideals and many cupidities, was too precariously balanced in its later years to be capable of any new orientation. In 1921 the viceroy of India, Reading, gave early and prescient warning that the next war would be in the Pacific, and that it behoved Australia and New Zealand to bear in mind "the vital importance to them of India as a base", and "the danger of driving India out of the Empire" by illiberal immigration policies.

Reading was still more critical of South African attitudes: too much so, an under-secretary at the India Office considered, because anti-Indian feeling was the sole bond between Boer and Briton, and action on behalf of the Indian minority would drive South Africa out of the Empire. As time went by, Loudon's ability to reconcile such contrary pulls grew feebler.

Of those in charge of India, the top men on the spot were far quicker than their supervisors in the India Office to see that it was imperative to assuage nationalist hostility in India by coming forward as protectors of Indians overseas. Delhi made spasmodic yet fairly frequent and sometimes surprisingly energetic efforts to get something done for them, efforts poorly seconded by the home government. Near the end, during the Second World War, a harassed Wavell at Delhi was complaining bitterly to the Secretary of State, Amery, of how the British government made his work harder "by their failure to conciliate Indian feeling in every way". This had to do with South Africa, where Amery (like Churchill an admirer of Smuts) and most other British ministers all along could not see that Indians had any serious grievance. Of the other secretaries of state only Montagu comes out well, with Wedgwood Benn as runner-up.

In general, the calibre of British politicians and officials as revealed in this book was very inadequate, when "the wide arch of the rungred empire" had need of Atlases, not pygmies, to sustain it. Colonial Office mentality was always several degrees worse than at the India Office, and a constant "dog-fight" went on between them. Policy in the colonies was unswervingly on the side of mammon—of planters, capitalists, profiteers—against labour, Indian or any other; its remedy for all disputes was to look for labour leaders to arrest, as roguishly as Dr Bias cured all ailments, by bleeding and hot water. In 1939-40 Indian troops in Malaya were made to fire on Indian workers striking for better wages in a rubber boom; Professor Tinker's account makes it easier to comprehend why Malaya was about to be so easily lost. At the end of the war, there were high hopes of a new deal when Creech Jones was made Colonial Secretary, and some recent students have judged his performance not too unfavourably (in Professor Tinker's view this doughty critic of colonial malpractices was swiftly "transmogrified" in office into an apologist for them.

He is writing from the standpoint of the Indian communities and their often hard lot, and it is not part of his design to examine their internal composition, though he remarks that each community had its own history of discords between richer and poorer, and we catch echoes of these now and then. If more space could have been found for this side of the subject, the reader would have been given a clearer picture of the communities and of their relations with the "sons of the soil" among whom they were living, as well as with colonial authorities. There is a sense in which India, or an emerging Indian bourgeoisie, was—and would have liked to be far more—a junior partner in the Empire, a large proportion of whose armed forces were, after all, Indian. In Burma most Indians were poor labourers, but Indian capitalists towards the end had an investment of nearly £60,000,000, besides owning at least a quarter of the best land. In other words Burma was a colony of India as well as of Britain, and was demanding independence in order to shake itself free of an Indian as well as a British stranglehold.

Colonial nationalist movements, sprouting under the leadership of propertied or would-be propertied groups, were only too likely to seize on dislike of Indian (or any other) minorities as fuel. They were growing morbidly too much from such "nativism". In fact, in Ceylon as dominion status came in sight rival demagogues like Senanayake and Bandaranaike vied with each other in beating the anti-Indian drum. For such leaders it was an added attraction that feeling against aliens helped to keep their own hungry masses from thinking too much about social reform.

Indian possessiveness showed itself most undisguisedly in eastern Africa, with the excuse no doubt that its own inhabitants still seemed to nearly everyone hopelessly primitive. After the First World War there was talk of making Tanganyika an Indian colony. In Kenya "The future is safe; that is to say, in the hands of our own people", wrote Sastri, deputed by the Indian government to represent overseas Indians at the imperial conference of 1921. Many other such swashbuckling claims could be collected from this book. From time to time, but too rarely, voices like those of Gandhi, Nehru, C. F. Andrews, were heard exhorting Indians to think of Africans as their brothers. On the whole, nationalists in India took too little notice of any grievances of other peoples against some of their settlers, while the settler spokesmen seem never to have taken any notice of them at all.

We are given much light, or darkness visible, on South Africa. In 1927, Andrews urged that whatever rights its Indians got must also be given to Africans. Professor Tinker passes over this as "a somewhat long term solution"; his comment may seem to miss a fundamental point, that the whites could not and would not give votes to Indians because—as Smuts frankly told the imperial conference of 1923—this *Sastri, deputed by the Indian government to represent overseas Indians at the imperial conference of 1921.* Many other such swashbuckling claims could be collected

Beware the barbarians

By John E. Flint

ROBERT A. HUTTENBACK :
Racism and Empire
359pp. Cornell University Press. £9.75.

"White settlers and Colored Immigrants in the British self-governing Colonies 1830-1910", the subtitle of this book, more accurately describes its contents than the title; for racism and empire is a far wider canvas than that considered by Robert A. Huttenback, who teaches history at the California Institute of Technology. For the most part the author adopts a narrative approach, and it is a sorry tale. Consideration is strictly limited to the treatment of immigrants into the "white" colonies, with little attempt to link this question to the policies of settler governments towards their own "native" populations, which might perhaps have added a fuller dimension to the analysis. Professor Huttenback first examines the importation of non-white indentured labourers into the Australian colonies and Natal, showing that the system—advocated by large employers as a source of cheap labour and tolerated by the middle and upper sections of the white population on the understanding that such labour would be repatriated at the end of its contract—produced deep hostility among white working men. But throughout his study the author rejects the economic factor as fundamental. He sees the economic competition of cheap non-white labour as a real grievance, but only a partial explanation. "More significant, and overriding all other considerations, was the xenophobia and race hatred of the Anglo-Saxon." He readily concedes that white Americans were "Anglo-Saxon" in this respect.

He then turns to consider the history of immigration by free non-white people into the settler colonies. Here the dilemmas of responsible government within a British imperial system which, as Joseph Chamberlain put in in 1897, "makes no distinction in favour of, or against race or colour", became acutely evident. The white working classes showed a uniform hostility to coloured immigrants, whether Chinese, Japanese, Indian, South Sea Islander, or of African origin. With a wealth of quotation Huttenback demonstrates that all these groups were attacked in uniformly stereotyped terms as sexually depraved, prone to rape, crime and violence, dirty in their habits, carriers of disease, dishonest, and incapable of assimilation. In violence of expression Australians, New Zealanders and British Columbians performed with equal vehemence; indeed the greatest degree of politeness to non-white immigrants was shown by Natal and the southern African territories, perhaps because there was no large white section of manual workers there. Elected politicians increasingly reflected these hostile attitudes, and in Australia, in particular, actively encouraged them in order to increase their voting support.

The imperial government, throughout the period, ostensibly held reserve powers, including the right to disallow colonial legislation which conflicted with imperial interests or international obligations. From time to time the Colonial Office, sometimes under pressure from the India Office, protested, stalled, and occasionally vetoed colonial bills dealing with immigration. Yet in general, as the author demonstrates, these controls were ineffective. "London could not defy colonial governments on these issues if the Empire was to survive. Moreover a solution was eventually found which conformed to the letter and violated the spirit of Chamberlain's dictum. This was the "Natal Formula", which imposed literacy tests on non-white immigrants. Such tests were never required universally and were offered at the discretion of the immigration officer. In Australia in 1903 an English-speaking "dictation test" was offered a dictation test, which the immigration officer decided should be in Greek!

Huttenback's study is the product of careful and painstaking use of wide sources, and the end-product, as a narrative, is excellent. What disappoints is the analysis. It seems to the assembles a massive amount of evidence to show that hostility to non-whites was rooted in deeply felt fears (many of which were not rational) among the white working class. Perhaps it is too simplistic, as the author insists, to regard economic competition as the fundamental cause of racism, but Professor Huttenback's conclusions seem like a cop-out which sees the causes of racism, in the last analysis, as racism. If the phenomenon so unlikely confined to the "Anglo-Saxons". In 1901 the Japanese consul general in Sydney could preface one of his written protests with the assertion:

> The Japanese belong to an empire whose standard of civilization is so much higher than that of Kanakas, Negroes, Pacific Islanders, Indians or other Eastern peoples that to refer to them in the same terms cannot but be regarded in the light of reproach, which is hardly warranted by the fact of the shade of the national complexion.

The Chinese empire also had long traditions which contrasted its civilization with that of the barbarians without. Modern African states have abandoned traditional Africa's almost universal hospitality to alien strangers; it is now more difficult for an Indian to emigrate there than to Canada. Racism is surely a symptom, not a cause, and it is a symptom of fear. Huttenback quotes Alfred Deakin, attorney general and future prime minister of Australia, who contended:

> The Japanese require to be excluded because of their high abilities . . . the Japanese are the most dangerous because they most nearly approach us, and would therefore be our most formidable competitors. It is not the bad qualities, but the good qualities of these alien races that make them dangerous to us.

Perhaps Deakin touched the heart of the matter.

Anglicans in the pulpit

By Douglas Bush

The English Sermon
Volume 1: 1550-1650.
Edited by Martin Seymour-Smith
491pp. £7.90.
Volume 2: 1650-1750.
Edited by C. H. Sisson
358pp. £6.90.
Volume 3: 1750-1850.
Edited by Robert Nye.
325pp. £6.90.
Manchester: Carcanet Press.

IRENE SIMON (Editor):
Three Restoration Divines: Barrow, South, Tillotson
Selected Sermons
Volume 1 (1967), 510pp.
Volume 2, Parts I and II, 610pp.
Paris: Société d'Edition "Les Belles Lettres".

The English Sermon covers three centuries, 1550-1850, from the time when men and women were going to the stake for their religious beliefs to the time when Matthew Arnold and others were mourning the death of all belief. Our own age, though it has had and still has distinguished Christian thinkers and multitudes of lesser witnesses, carries the cliché label "post-Christian". The publication of a massive anthology of English sermons is a courageous enterprise on the part of the publishers and the five editors. Three of these—all poets, it may be noted—have each edited a volume, and there are three "general editors", C. H. Sisson being one of both groups. According to his general preface, three "pretend to no religious faith" and two are Anglicans. The bearing of the second fact, if not of the first, will become apparent as we get into the work.

It may be hard nowadays—when, as some essayist once remarked, the village church bell peals faintly on the ears of men walking in the opposite direction—to realize that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the pulpit exerted far more power than it ever had before or since. Popular preachers combined with their prime role the functions and gifts of the modern journalist, actor, and television personality. However long-winded they could, in an age of faith, hold willing hearers in church or conventicle, at Paul's Cross or on a Scottish hillside. Through most of the three centuries preaching was more or less involved with or conditioned by religious and political controversy. The emerging Church of England was for some time the scene of political involvement can never be lost sight of for long by any reader of the sermons of this period", particularly the doctrine of passive obedience to the king and the king's government". In general, public and clerical reaction against Puritan "enthusiasm" promoted what became the characteristic temper of Augustan Anglicanism, a piety and morality more cool and sensible than inspired or inspiring. (One exception was William Law, whose *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* first made the young Samuel Johnson think "in earnest of religion" and influenced the young John Wesley.) Reason was now not so much the traditional classical-Christian "right reason". Hooker had expounded but that more commonplace faculty or habit of logical thinking, rational moderation. In an increasingly scientific and sceptical climate rationalism could foster anti-Christian deism or atheism and could also be turned, as it was by Joseph Butler, to the defence of orthodoxy. All these factors contributed to the cultivation of a plain style, a general and familiar fact of Augustan prose and verse in contrast to the often more urgent and less disciplined utterance of the preceding age—hence the disfavour that overtook Jeremy Taylor, though he was a master of plain as well as ornate English. Bishop Samuel Parker accused the Cambridge Platonists and others of dealing in nothing but words and would have welcomed an act of Parliament "to abridge Preachers the use of fulsom and lushious Metaphors".

Probably not many specialists in the period could claim intimate acquaintance with the sermons of even the more famous among these men: Taylor, Barrow, South, Stillingfleet, Ken, Tillotson, Sherlock, Bingham, Atterbury, Wilson (the bishop that Matthew Arnold was so fond of quoting), Swift, Berkeley, and Butler (on whom Arnold wrote a sonnet and a long critique not mentioned here). We may remember that five of these, Atterbury, Tillotson, Sherlock, South and (in the next volume) Ogden, were among those preachers briefly graded by Dr Johnson in response to Boswell's query about "English pulpit eloquence". Johnson's assertion, "we have no sermons addressed to the passions that are good for any thing; if you mean that kind of eloquence", brought the name of Dodd from a clergyman we did not know was present and the instant annihilation of both—a little drama richly recreated by Max Beerbohm. Many of the sermons, read at judicious intervals, have some interest, historical, intellectual, or religious; we may, for instance, be drawn to assess the kinds and degrees of anger in Swift's discourse "On Brotherly Love".

Volume 3 (1750-1850), edited by Robert Nye, takes us from Wesley to Newman, which may well seem a journey from pole to pole. However, Mr Sisson had observed that, with the depriving of Non-Jurors in 1688-89, "a valuable stream of Anglican thought went underground, re-emerging in various ways with Wesley and Newman", and this view is reinforced by Mr Nye in Volume 3. Not all readers may accept its validity, since Wesley's vestiges of high churchmanship and the young Newman's evangelical phase may seem a dubious bridge between the father of Methodism and evangelicalism (who did not believe in apostolic succession) and the eventual champion of Roman Catholicism. At any rate, in this third volume (though it includes Laurence Sterne) the central theme or thesis of the whole work flowers in the celebration of the Tractarian or Oxford Movement. We meet of course the two prime agents, John Keble and Hurrell Froude (the five and the poker, in Froude's words), and Dr Pusey, who added the weight of his patristic learning. Besides the lifelong Romanists, James Archer and Cardinal Wiseman, there are three Catholic converts, of whom two, Manning and Newman, became cardinals; the third was the son of the great evangelical leader, William Wilberforce. The final item in the volume's calendar, under 1850, is "Establishing of Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Britain".

Bishop Henson, in his small *Selected English Sermons* (1939), embraced the non-Anglican Thomas Cushmers, James Martineau, and R. W. Dale. The catholicity of Mr Nye's volume is limited to the inclusion of F. D. Maurice, a broad church leader (though he rejected the name) and a pioneer Christian socialist; that more positive broad churchman, Thomas Arnold, receives only mockery from the editor. Evangelicalism is on occasion referred to in the commentary (Manning began his ministry as an evangelical) but is not allowed a representative preacher. We may ask if that movement, with all its excesses and shortcomings, did not do far more than Tractarianism to revitalize religion in England, not to mention its humanitarian achievements on behalf of the neglected and oppressed, who do not seem to have weighed heavily upon the Tractarian consciousness or conscience.

"The sermons in the present book", says Mr Nye, "react against the tyranny of reason in much the same way as the Romantic poets reacted against the neo-Augustans", and he recognizes the partial anticipation of Tractarian ideas in the symbolic thought of Coleridge (who, we may remember, was also the chief progenitor of the broad church). The Tractarians, Mr Nye continues, "aimed at nothing less than the restoration of the principle of symbolism in Christian worship, the revival of the sacramental character of religion, and the showing of faith to men of a mystery. . . . It is the Mass that matters, and it is towards the maintenance of the Mass that the Oxford Movement moved." He sees the Mass as likely to be "the symbol under which Christendom will unite, when it unites, since it is the Meal of the Christian family".

The editing and publication of this large body of sermons provide a valuable service: for many, perhaps most readers, a mainly historical service. But the substance, execution, and tone of the work imply an earnest wish on the part of the two Christian editors to enlighten and strengthen the faith in the vineyard at text and context, and come fit to find the conversation of the critics (and of well-educated journalists like Mr Douglas) much as before.

Mr Douglas has not learnt much from the speakers. He has attempted to follow the standard text (based on manuscripts and early printings), but makes numerous errors in transcription and guessing (there are nearly twenty on pages 63-64). His single paragraph on *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* is a deliriously simple dismissal of a complex literary problem (with no mention of Legmen). He takes the essential point of the songs—a sensitive progression from the air to the word—but what might have an enriching theme in his book is flung away at the end. His silences are strange: *Love and Liberty* (as in *The Jolly Beggars*), crucial to any understanding of Burns "in the context of his time", gets a couple of sentences. His positive ventures into criticism are uninteresting; even on "Tam o' Shanter", which he takes to be Burns's "finest poem", he offers only the familiar descriptive narrative of the undergraduate essay and drifts away out of sense—"it grips and amuses, frightens and entertains, gives joy through its word-pictures—when it is not horrifying by its starkness". Of Burns's response to the supernatural, or the subtleties in the use of persona (surely the central critical issues) there is nothing.

His final chapter is a good one, and will doubtless supply a base for the better sort of Immortal Memory.

There follows an elaborate edition of twenty-seven sermons, six by Barrow (in Volume 1), twelve by South (Volume 2, Part I), and nine by Tillotson (Volume 2, Part II), with bibliographical introductions and textual and explanatory notes. The four chapters of discussion set forth the traditions and attitudes the preachers inherited or opposed and the doctrinal ideas and temper they themselves arrived at and passed on to the eighteenth century. The problems of course centre on Anglicanism and Romanist, Protestant, and deistic nonconformity and related political issues. What is, even for many scholars, unliving material is so handled that it becomes thoroughly readable as well as instructive. The analysis is comprehensive, authoritative, richly and often freshly documented, wholly disinterested, lucid, and acutely discriminating. And the editor's English style is no less impressive than her learning and critical judgment.

The issue of Namibia

By Robert Baldock

GAIL-MARYSE COCKRAM :
South West African Mandate
531pp. Cape Town: Juta. 15 Rands.

Claimed somewhat casually for Germany by Bismarck in 1884, South West Africa was sequestrated by the League of Nations after the German defeat in the First World War and placed as a mandated territory under the Union of South Africa. The pretext for the change was Germany's maladministration of the native inhabitants, a considerable historical irony as within two years the South African Air Force was quelling a minor rebellion of the Bondelswarts (who had neglected to pay a dog-tax) by bombing the tribesmen in their lagger.

From its inception the mandate system was a mystery of international law. No one quite knew what a mandate was, how the system should work, and what should be done if it did not. South Africa disagreed with the interpretation of the Permanent Mandates Commission and after the demise of the League of Nations in 1947 refused to recognize the trusteeship of the League's heir, the United Nations. To the South African government, South West Africa had fallen into a state of *res nullius*, and sovereignty was acquired by virtue of her occupation. "The facts are quite clear", said General Smuts, "we have the power." And so South Africa has still, despite the contrary opinion of the International Court of Justice and the official termination of the mandate in 1966.

For twenty-five years South West Africa, or Namibia, as it is known to the international community, has been the subject of controversy and a symbol of United Nations impotence. It is an intriguing story, and in *South West African Mandate* Gail-Maryse Cockram has told it conscientiously and fully. The book has no preface, which is a regrettable omission as the point of writing it is not obvious from the text. The intention was to make intelligible to the general reader the complexities of international law, Dr Cockram, herself a lawyer, has succeeded only in part. It is not to compile a documentary source-book on this issue, she has done an outstanding service. The book, more than half of which is direct quotation from primary material, is an exposition of facts rather than a guide through them. The author has looked up every appropriate printed reference and written it down. It is left to someone else, using the material made available here, to provide a sustained critical assessment.

This is not a domestic history of South West Africa, but an account of the politics of the Namibian issue. Concentration on the latter has led to perfunctory treatment of seminal questions about the territory itself. Why is South Africa so anxious to retain control over South West Africa if it is, as we are told, financial liability? How is the "homelands" policy" natural and just, when it involves the resettlement of 60 per cent of Namibia's population? Here South West Africa is portrayed as a state moving slowly towards self-determination on the basis of the Odendaal Report while the great powers mercilessly rage. As the range of sources declines when she is dealing with recent events, Dr Cockram is forced to reveal more of her own opinions and in particular three premises: that the majority of Namibians actually prefer South African to United Nations control; that abdication would leave Namibia in administrative chaos and financial ruin; and that an independent Namibia would be immediate prey for Soviet imperialism. These assertions are questionable, but they would explain the author's conviction that for settling South West Africa's future time is short and options are few.

What Dr Cockram does most effectively is to chronicle the changing face of international opinion and influence on this and other issues. In 1919 the major powers had unfettered choice over the disposition of the mandates. Today the output of United Nations resolutions is dominated by the Afro-American nations, and Western powers use their Security Council veto to counsel against direct intervention in Namibia which would split and bankrupt the United Nations sooner than it dismantled South African control. It is made clear that the crucial issue is not the legality of South Africa's claim to the mandate, but the unacceptability of the ideology of apartheid to the international community. Even the decisions of the International Court, which has twice ruled against South Africa and once in her favour, are the result of a "judicial alchemy" of prejudices of the judges currently eligible for service on it.

This is a useful book, well produced and written with occasional wry humour and a sharp eye for humbug and obfuscation in an arena in which they are endemic. The author, one feels, is somewhat unrealistically saddened that political considerations should upset the nice legal balance of the United Nations' jurisdiction over human affairs. In the end the book confirms what global terrorism has made clear in recent years: that if a single state with some wealth or influence chooses to reject accepted standards of behaviour, ethics or codes of honour", international law is wholly unenforceable.

Of immortal memory

By James Kinsley

HUGH DOUGLAS :
Robert Burns
240pp. Hale. £5.50.

Despite annual skinning and weeding-out I find I still have thirty studies of Burns, biographical and critical, on my shelves. I am reluctant to add Hugh Douglas's. Not that his book lacks merit. It reads easily; it is historically sound and sensible; it has some style, wit, and a kind of restrained poetry in it (contrasting with the hysterical rhetoric of the dust-jacket). It is nicely illustrated (though almost all the plates are familiar). But do we need another version of this oft-told tale—with no fresh critical insights, no significant new material (other than the apparent survival of Allan Ramsay to 1788).

Mr Douglas rightly claims some advantage in having been like Burns "the son of a farmer upon the Carrick border O", he is wrong in claiming that, after so much "fine" scholarship during this century, there is a need to "rediscover" Burns and "place him in his context of his time and in relation to the people whom he knew". On the contrary: with the Oxford edition of the poems and songs eight years in print, and the revised edition of the letters at press, the need is for critical discussion at the best level. There was a new critical initiative made by Tom Crawford in 1960, but it has not been taken up by others as it ought to have been. All these factors contributed to the cultivation of a plain style, a general and familiar fact of Augustan prose and verse in contrast to the often more urgent and less disciplined utterance of the preceding age—hence the disfavour that overtook Jeremy Taylor, though he was a master of plain as well as ornate English. Bishop Samuel Parker accused the Cambridge Platonists and others of dealing in nothing but words and would have welcomed an act of Parliament "to abridge Preachers the use of fulsom and lushious Metaphors".

Probably not many specialists in the period could claim intimate acquaintance with the sermons of

The need for law

By Leonard Schapiro

P. LITVINOV, M. MEERSON-AKSENOV, B. SHRAGIN (Editors): *Samosoznanie*
Sbornik Statei
320pp. New York: Khronika Publishers. $9.

Samosoznanie consists of ten political essays. Three of the authors—the editors—are recent émigrés from the Soviet Union, five (or six, since one author, Nelidov, is concealed by a pseudonym) are in the Soviet Union, are well-known contributors to *samizdat*, and have all suffered persecution for their courageous actions. The tenth contribution is somewhat different—it consists of a translation into Russian of Chapter 11 of Richard Pipes's *Russia under the Old Régime* (a book published in 1974), which is a sober, well-documented and balanced account of the development of Russia as a police state in the 200 years before the Revolution. The inclusion of this chapter, according to the authors, is intended as a first step in collaboration between the liberal-democratic movement inside the Soviet Union and that in the West.

But it may also be motivated by a wish to reply to a very immoderate recent attack by Solzhenitsyn on Pipes's book which (without mentioning it) he branded as denigration of Russia because of its implied suggestion that the Soviet police state grew out of the Imperial police state and the general absence in Russia of any understanding of law — a view which, once stripped of its emotional context in Russian national susceptibility, many of us would regard as not too far from the truth. This judgment on Russian history is, indeed, shared by several of the contributors to this book.

The need for law as the basis for the good life in the Soviet Union is, indeed, the keynote of this symposium, which claims, and rightly, to be an assertion of the liberal-democratic position. The motive for the publication is stated to be the inability of the authors to secure a hearing for their views in the existing journals which are published in Russian outside the Soviet Union. If this is indeed so, then it is a very disturbing thought that a collection of analytical essays, which so closely follows the established Western traditions of liberty under the law, should be found unacceptable by a large part of the Soviet emigration—let alone that this emigration should be so illiberal as to refuse to give a hearing to opinions with which it disagrees.

It is, perhaps, surprising for the English reader, who is aware of the pronouncements of such figures as Sakharov, Litvinov, Amalrik or Orlov, to learn that the newest democratic group of authors should feel that they lack a platform. But so far as Russian readers are concerned, they are, no doubt, right.

The common theme of these very diverse essays is freedom—but freedom under law, and combined with order. This is a considerable break with much of Russian tradition. The few men who stood for this essential combination in the nineteenth century, for example—Chicherin, Kavelin, Turgenev—often found themselves despised by "progressive" opinion as lackeys of the police state. The real folk heroes, like Herzen and Chernyshevsky, had very little idea of virtue under law or order. Yet this more stringent to find the present attitude (of some of them) claiming spiritual kinship with the radical intelligentsia. But this does not affect their position as regards freedom in the Soviet Union. It is the intolerable fact that it has required the brutal persecution of the Soviet authorities, with all the suffering which it has entailed, for some of the new Russian intelligentsia to learn this simple lesson.

Some, but alas, not all. In his essay "The New Russian Emigration", Lev Kopelev (one of the outstanding older *samizdat* writers denied a hearing in his own country, but highly respected abroad) is pessimistic about the new immigrants, who are, he claims, torn by internecine strife and often so obsessively anti-socialist that they have become "bolsheviks in reverse". The pseudonymous Nelidov is also concerned with this problem, though from a different angle. Nelidov enters into debate with an émigré author who alleges that those dissidents who seek to change the Soviet system for the better by influencing the Communist Party are on a false track because the brutal excesses of communism are to be found in embryo in all socialist systems, beginning with Plato's Republic and Campanella's City of the Sun. Nelidov however denies any kinship between the views of the Soviet democratic movement and those of the communists, because this movement has "quite consciously not put the problem of freedom first" but has advocated as its first demand law and legal guarantees of the human personality.

G. Pomerants, another *samizdat* author living in the Soviet Union, an orientalist whose collection of essays published in the West is distinguished by its deep humanism, in an article devoted to the modernization of undeveloped countries has some perceptive remarks to offer on the difference between dictatorship and despotism: a dictatorship embarking on development very easily becomes transformed into despotism—as he tells us, there are no separate terms for these very different concepts in the Chinese language, for example.

Boris Shragin, a philosopher who has emigrated to the United States, comes to conclusions very similar to those of Solzhenitsyn, that in the last resort the fight for freedom must begin inside each individual:

> Neither the "people", nor the "state" nor the "nation" nor any other similar fetish contains within it the prospect of the changes which we so fervently desire if once we remain passive ourselves. It has now become clear that history can only be realized through our own freedom, through our deliberate choice.

This is very close to Solzhenitsyn's clarion call to the Soviet intelligentsia to reject cooperation with the authorities in deception: "Don't live by the lie!" E. V. Barabanov, a well-known *samizdat* author on contemporary problems of Christianity and the Church, argues that the new humanism which has been born in the Soviet Union is a form of Christianity; and that true Christianity can exist outside formal allegiance to the Church.

The essays discussed hitherto belong to a traditional Russian form of contemplative self-analysis—fascinating, but not necessarily very practical. The core of the book is provided by the three more pragmatic contributions by three of the leaders of the "democratic" movement for the defence of civil rights: Paul Litvinov; Yu F. Orlov, a member of the Soviet Amnesty International group who recently founded a Soviet committee for monitoring the observance of the Helsinki Conference Final Act; and V. F. Turchin, the chairman of the Soviet Amnesty group. (All have, needless to say, been subjected to repeated repression by the Soviet authorities.)

Litvinov contributes a very perceptive study of the human rights movement in the Soviet Union—in which he himself played a courageous leading part from the first. He has no illusions about the difficulties which face this movement in a country in which the tradition of law has always been weak, even among those who struggled for freedom, and he realizes that freedom based on law is a tender plant, a late flowering of Western civilization. But he argues convincingly that without this legal foundation there is no hope for a change for the better in the Soviet Union; a refounding view for a Soviet intellectual dissident, many of whose fellow dissidents have so often in the past unwittingly betrayed "negative" freedom (in reality the only freedom) in the pursuit of the illusion of "positive" freedom. Orlov argues convincingly that there can be no freedom where there is no private property, where the state controls the livelihood of everyone. Turchin, in true liberal tradition, discusses the nature of "impartiality" in the context of much of the muddled Western attitude to Soviet reality. (The constant influence of the views of Sakharov is strongly felt in these contributions.)

One of the main causes of disunity within the Russian dissent movement, both inside and outside the Soviet Union—nationalism—is scarcely mentioned in this book. It is traditionally the most divisive of all issues in Russian politics. It will be recalled how Herzen's support for the Poles in their revolt against Russian domination in 1863 lost him overnight almost all of his radical following inside Russia. No doubt the contributors to this book and Sakharov would all accept the liberal principle that every nation has the right to decide its destiny for itself, a proposition which Litvinov lists as one of the tenets of the Soviet human rights movement. (It is for this reason that its members have supported the Jewish demand for the right to emigrate. It is regrettable that the Soviet Jews have not always reciprocated with their support.)

But Russian nationalism is a very powerful force. Some of its current manifestations inside the dissident movement in the Soviet Union remind one of Western doctrines with very ugly and alarming undertones indeed. From the point of view of the followers of the Sakharov line (which broadly describes all the contributors to *Samosoznanie*) one alarming aspect of these extremist views is their close kinship with some of the most distasteful sides of official Soviet policy: Great Russian chauvinism, persecution of national minorities and antisemitism, for example. But even the adherents of respectable orthodox Christian and neo-Slavophile trends in the nationalist movement would find it very difficult to accept any political principle which could conceivably lead, say, to an independent Ukraine. It looks as if history is repeating itself—and that freedom under the law as the ideal for the regeneration of the new Russian empire is as much a still, small voice today as it was in the nineteenth-century empire.

The need for laughter

By Nikolay Andreyev

D. S. LIKHACHEV and A. M. PANCHENKO: "Smekhovoy Mir" Drevney Rusi
204pp. Nauka, Leningrad: Academy of Sciences of the USSR. 1 rouble.

D. S. Likhachev has always been an innovator in his approach to the study of early Russian literature. In this new book he has set himself the task of defining the general character—and especially the national features—of humour in Russian, mainly pre-Petrine, literature including in some cases its actual social or political aims. The facts and sources from which Likhachev constructs his theories have long been known to Russian scholars, and published either as literature or as ethnographic, and occasionally iconographic, material; yet, typically, he is the first to have encompassed this vast field and reduced it to an easily assimilated and homogeneous whole. In *Homo Ludens, A Study of the Play Elements in Culture*, the Dutch historian J. Huizinga, first examined humour and laughter as an important feature in the development of civilization, but he did not include Russia in his survey. Likhachev proceeds further. He has derived inspiration from M. M. Bakhtin's book *Rabelais and his World* and from the Tartu school's theories of semiotic analysis, in particular those developed in Y. M. Lotman's *Stat'i po tipologii kul'tury*.

Likhachev defines the function of laughter as being equally destructive or creative. In his view laughter can undoubtedly upset the precarious imbalance of social relationships and even the basis of the social laws which [illegible] this imbalance. It can reduce [illegible] world to basic chaos. But laughter can have a healthy and creative effect. It frees the world from convention, and creates a common ground between individuals, making those who share the same appreciation of humour into plotters who see and understand something which they would otherwise have missed. Laughter and ridicule can be shaking the foundations of a culture and in doing so they prepare the foundations of a new and possibly better civilization. Likhachev stresses that there is more than one approach to humour and that this is conditioned by social and historical situations. Furthermore in those societies where the emphasis is on the individual the world of humour echoes differently in the laughter of each individual.

In medieval Russia, laughter is bounded on the man who laughs but by his own self-criticism is effectually criticized contemporary society. Consequently the fool is wise for he understands the world better than his rational contemporaries. It follows that the fool in Christ, that peculiarly Russian variant of medieval religious extremism, should be seen as a critic of contemporary norms since he is denigrating a way of life which does not correspond to the postulates of Christianity, and the fool is establishing by his actions that the accepted civilized world is neither civilized nor acceptable.

The Fool-in-Christ is a burlesque buffoon whose grotesque humour conceives of an imagined and different world, and it is Likhachev's contention that to understand medieval Russian parody this inverted "counter-world" (*anti-mir*) must be accepted as real. This early humour was intended to excoriate. The fool was first and foremost someone who saw and spoke the naked truth and in doing so contrasted an imperfect world with an ideal reality which only he could perceive. Therefore he blasphemes to show the need for sanctity. He emphasizes his poverty in order to castigate the affluent. He is shameless so that he may expose the pretence of ceremony, he goes naked to deride the comfortably clothed and the sodate, and persistently mocks the soothing stability of society.

Likhachev provides a virtually encyclopedic survey of early Russian humour and he offers frequent instances of its occurrence. He considers that "all the features of medieval humour originated deep in the mists of time in a pre-class society" but finds the earliest clear proof of his theories in the twelfth/thirteenth-century writings of Daniel the Exile.

In an extremely interesting chapter he puts forward the suggestion that the stylistic peculiarities of Ivan IV reflect the Tsar's lifestyle and thus his instability in his personal relationships was mirrored in his writings. Likhachev even finds an echo of the division between the real world and the "counter-world" in the Tsar's political action in dividing the Russian realm into two parts: the Zemschina (the "Land"), and the Oprichnina, which was under the Tsar's personal control. The author explains the monkish dress of the *oprichniki*, the Tsar's bodyguard, as yet another example of burlesque and the attraction of parody for Ivan who tended to imitate — in a spirit of mockery — the behaviour of the Fools-in-Christ. In a chapter on Archpriest Avvakum, a seventeenth-century schismatic and the leader of the Old Believers, whose autobiography contains under tones of humour, Likhachev — possibly suggesting an appropriate task for Western Slavists — considers that an appraisal of Avvakum's sardonic humour must await an examination of his religious views. Likhachev also sees elements of Russian medieval humour in the eighteenth century, and an echo of early anti-clerical parody in Peter the Great's ecclesiastical travesties.

While Likhachev's new book is intensely stimulating, and will, it is to be hoped, soon find a translator, his definition of the role of humour in Russia nevertheless leaves a number of questions unanswered. Was Russian "Parodia Sacra" influenced by religious dualism (ditheism) and the remains of paganism? What too of the medieval buskors (*skomorokhi*)? The Orthodox Church disapproved of them as supposedly inciting their audience to spiritual decadence, but it would be helpful to elucidate their role in the development of humour. And to what extent did the growing rationalism of the seventeenth century — during Russia's struggle to attain secular statehood — affect humour in literature?

The second half of the book, "Laughter as a Spectacle", written by Likhachev's young colleague A. M. Panchenko, deals specifically with Fools-in-Christ and scrutinizes their occurrence as a distinct and special expression of Russian humour. Well-written and carefully documented, it provides an extremely informative picture of Russian society and seeks the reason for the fools' strange behaviour. Having analysed the available material with great care, the author rejects mental illness as the cause of this manifestation and his examination of their behavioural symptoms is extremely interesting.

This new achievement of scholarship can only be acknowledged as an absorbing contribution by an unrivalled expert in this field. Likhachev's erudition has long been held in high esteem. This has long been recognized in his own country where he is a full member of the Academy of Sciences. Earlier in this country he had been awarded doctorates by the universities of Oxford and Edinburgh. Literary Georgievsk recently celebrated his seventieth birthday. His new book has opened fresh horizons on Russian literature, as so much of his work has already done. Fresh horizons may be controversial, where are certainly fascinating. Further contributions from his pen will be awaited with impatience by his host of admirers and his multitude of friends.

The spiritual side

By Abraham Brumberg

Kontinent 1
The Alternative Voice of Russia and Eastern Europe
180pp. André Deutsch. £3.95.

In 1970/71, when the first waves of Soviet émigrés reached Western shores, I would frequently ask the writers and journalists among them what were their plans for the future. "Publish a journal", was a common refrain, "create a bridge between East and West." For some the dream has come true, but for none as sturdily as for the Russian writer Vladimir Maximov, who in 1974, with the help of an editorial board consisting of fellow Russian and East European exiles, as well as several distinguished names from the West, launched the first issue of a Russian-language quarterly, *Kontinent*. Nine issues have appeared so far in Russian, several in other languages, and this collection, drawn from some of the early Russian numbers, is meant as the first of a series of English editions.

Whether the journal will succeed in forging "a united continent for all the forces of anti-totalitarianism in the spiritual struggle for the freedom and dignity of Man", as the editors note somewhat grandiosely in their opening statement, is open to question. Equally dubious is their claim to "speak on behalf of a whole continent of East European culture". Of the four principles constituting the "moving spirit" of the new journal, the last, "absolute non-partisanship", does not seem altogether compatible with the first, "absolute religious idealism", described as "a constant spiritual union" between "a given dominant [*sic*] Christian tendency" and "representatives of other faiths". (In fact, *Kontinent*'s editorial policy has produced the inevitable fragmentation: the Medvedev brothers are clearly *personae non gratae*, and Roy's own *samizdat* journal, *The Twentieth Century*, is published by his brother Zhores in London; while dissidents of a "democratic liberal" persuasion, within and outside the Soviet Union, are likely to really applaud Pavel Litvinov and Boris Shragin in New York, who have just published a collection of essays under the title of *Samosoznanie*—"Self-Awareness").

Spiritual (or ideological) matters aside, there is also the ever-lurking spectre of personal squabbles, which has haunted Russian émigré politics since 1917 as much as under the Tsars. Thus the superb writer Andrei Sinyavsky, author of the single most impressive contribution to this collection, has recently broken with *Kontinent* for reasons that seem as much from political differences as from purely personal antipathies between himself and Maximov—or more accurately between Sinyavsky and the journal's towering patron, Alexander Solzhenitsyn. (To recite the various accusations and counter-accusations would tax the patience of the reviewer and reader alike.)

Still, *Kontinent*, if not "the" is surely *an* alternative voice of Russia and Eastern Europe", and its appearance in English is therefore to be welcomed. Interestingly enough, the non-belletristic items are, taken together, superior to the others. Perhaps its explanation is to be found in Sinyavsky's "On Literary Process in Russian", a brilliant tour de force reminiscent of his essay "On Socialist Realism", first published in the West under the pseudonym Abram Tertz in 1958. The earlier essay was a defiant challenge to the official doctrine of "socialist realism", and an equally spirited defence of "an art in which the grotesque will replace realistic descriptions of life". To a Western reader, unaccustomed to viewing the literary process through ideological lenses, it may seem a trifle curious to see Sinyavsky still inveighing against any species of realistic writing, on the ground that the preoccupation with observable truth inevitably ends up in the service of a cause—that "realism", in other words, in whatever guise, is no better than the "socialist" variety espoused by the Soviet censors. Yet the new essay, which ranges piercingly and wittily over a variety of topics—from the political allegories of Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita* to the withering impact of the Jewish exodus on Russian culture—makes it clear that in Russia the tradition of a literature "with a message", which under Stalin and his successors has been raised to the level of an absolutely destructive dogma, threatens the foundations of what Sinyavsky calls the "alternative" (that is, *samizdat*) literature as well. Because "socialist realism" literature has so excelled in vulgar *lakirovka* (establishment), the sometimes feeble attempts of many young Russian writers to depict the unvarnished "truth" of Soviet life has often been greeted with uncritical acclaim in the West. No doubt this has been, to a large extent, unavoidable.

In another excellent essay in the book, "Paradoxes of the Gremlin Exhibition of Unofficial Soviet Art", the art critic Igor Golomshtok, who now lives in England, refers to "the cultural and aesthetic vacuum which had been created in the country during the long years of Stalin's rule". The vacuum, Golomshtok, has impelled Russian artists to strive "to restore the broken links of cultural continuity", not always with the most salutary results. Whatever the respective merits of the two essays, we should be grateful to have both their views. The first (Solzhenitsyn) wrathful, passionate, wielding a brilliantly evocative pen, truly prophet in our midst, and the other sober, judicious, with an almost instinctive horror of romantic hyperboles, the quintessentially Western man with an abiding concern not only for his own people, but for all of mankind.

Limitations of space make it difficult to comment on the other contributions in greater detail. The picture is mixed—an obstruse essay by Alexander Platigorsky on metaphysical thinkers in the Soviet Union today, a brief and unimpressive description of a conversation with Milovan Djilas, by Carl-Gustav Ströhm, and a number of poems by Alexander Galich and Joseph Brodsky—the first, one of the leading modern Russian troubadours, now living in Munich, and the second perhaps the best contemporary Russian poet, now a resident of the United States. Galich's poems are sardonic, direct, and outrageous. Brodsky's are far more complex and suffer, unfortunately, from an uneven translation.

The word "uneven" is probably applicable to the book as a whole. Yet with all its faults, *Kontinent* is yet another enriching illustration of the vital force of Russian creativity, which even the most deadly and oppressive regime in contemporary history has not been able to destroy.

* * *

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Seven years in El Principe

By Jorge Edwards

PIERRE GOLENDORF:
Sept ans à Cuba, 38 mois dans les prisons de Fidel Castro
320pp. Paris: Belfond. 45fr.

I described my own experience of Cuba in *Persona Non Grata*, after which I thought I would be able to forget the whole thing, to turn the page once and for all. However, as always happens, and in keeping with the atmosphere of paranoia which surrounds those questions, the "case" has continued to follow me and probably always will. The experience of which I wrote had a dark area, a submerged side, which as with icebergs was necessarily larger than what showed on the surface. I left Havana after a night of fierce and fluctuating argument with the prime minister and Fidel to Madrid, my diplomatic mission cut short, in that part of the aeroplane given over to the "maggots", which indicated that politically I had already been judged and convicted.

There were others, nevertheless, who came out of it much worse than I: the poet Heberto Padilla found himself in jail, though not for long, as was learnt later. Another man was also jailed, someone whom I knew far less well than Padilla: the French photographer Pierre Golendorf, whom I had met by chance in Paris, several years earlier, with the friends of the Chilean pop singer Violeta Parra, and whom I came across again in the labyrinths of the Habana Riviera hotel. Golendorf asked me to help him get out of Cuba and into Chile, but I, needless to say, was in no position to help him. Later, one of my most dramatic memories of my stay in Cuba was the image of Golendorf's Cuban wife, wandering alone, as if infected with the plague, with her little daughter through the corridors of the hotel after the men from State Security had suddenly arrived, the day before the whole family was due to leave for France, to take away her husband.

Padilla left prison soon afterwards, beating his breast with that paradoxical jesuitry which seems to go with revolutions at certain stages. Considering the alternatives that were open to him, no one can reproach him for his Christian repentance. Golendorf, on the other hand, remained buried on the dark side of the iceberg, amid general indifference.

Apart from being considerably more stubborn, he did not have as many friends as Padilla; and he was of course far less well known than René Dumont or Hans Magnus Enzensberger, so that in his case the routine accusation that he was a CIA agent passed more or less unnoticed.

Early in 1975 I received a letter that seemed to me to be a letter from a ghost; it added however a new dimension to my personal experience. Pierre Golendorf was writing from Paris about his thirty-eight months in Cuban prisons, an "unfortunately unforgettable" experience which had nevertheless left his "political options" undarkened, "An injustice", he declared, "however intolerable physically and morally", must be ascribed to the leaders of the revolution, and "not to the Revolution itself".

Golendorf's record of his experiences in Cuba has recently been published in France under the title *Sept ans d Cuba, 38 mois dans les prisons de Fidel Castro*. I know perfectly well, since I have been a victim of it myself, the reaction of those high-minded, well-meaning people who believe in a one-sided justice, a justice that is blind in one eye only, and who decorously maintain that it is not "opportune" to cite the contradictions in those regimes to which the possession of historical truth is attributed a priori, especially at a time when repression is rife almost throughout the rest of Latin America.

Nevertheless, one-sided protest contains within it the seeds of injustice; it is an arbitrary, and therefore an ineffective form of protest. Golendorf tells in his book of his bitter experience of writing from his prison in the fortress of El Principe on the heights of Havana to the many committees throughout the world which concern themselves with political prisoners, and of not getting any kind of reply. The indignation of those committees was already channelled along set tracks—which is not to say it was not justified. Golendorf's book will be of no use as an alibi for any type of contemporary fascism, although I can guess and almost foresee the accusations that will be made against it in this regard: inevitable for anyone who claims to think for himself outside the narrow limits imposed by an all-powerful bureaucracy.

Golendorf was already a cornered man when I saw him in the corridors of the Habana Riviera in early 1971. It made no difference that he had been in the French Resistance in the Second World War and had long been a militant member of the Communist Party in his own country. His disappointment and his thoughtful nature made him highly suspect in a country where revolutionary vigilance, as he describes in his book, tends to turn into a generalized suspicion.

He had written a poem entitled "Cornered" ("Acorralado") — an explicit enough title — and once, as a relief from the consuming spy-fever all around him, he had written on a piece of paper the words "I am a CIA agent", a confession which genuine agents are most unlikely to inscribe on spare pieces of paper. This background, and his notes for a projected book about Cuba, led the prosecution to ask for a sentence of twenty-five years' imprisonment; in fact he was given a less harsh sentence, ten years in jail after five months in solitary confinement.

Golendorf's book is one more dramatic document of our contradictory age — dramatic, and also indispensable for understanding that age. A French communist accused of counter-revolutionary activities in Cuba, he was in the extraordinary position of undergoing the "white terror" in a Cuban jail. Most of his fellow prisoners were mere *lancheros* — Cubans arrested while trying to escape by boat and serving short sentences; but there were also dangerous Batista thugs, who threatened Golendorf with improvised daggers because of his declared left-wing militancy.

Beset on the island by the obsessional vigilance, and in prison by the surviving fascists of Batista's regime, hearing the bitter news of Allende's death and imprisoned by Allende's friends, a few yards from the cell where he now knew Hubert Matos had lain twelve years previously, Golendorf lived out and has now told an extraordinarily revealing story of our time. His disturbing conclusion is that there must be something wrong in a regime "which involves political crimes just as capitalism involved prostitution and juvenile delinquency". One needs to study Golendorf's book to understand how, from a starting-point of solidarity and enthusiasm, a move in this direction becomes inevitable for anyone who claims to think for himself outside the narrow limits imposed by an all-powerful bureaucracy.

Five years in Hazaribagh

By Anne Duchêne

MARY TYLER:
My Years in an Indian Prison
191pp. Gollancz. £5.20.

We each have an uneasy image of what it means to be poor in India. To imagine this wretchedness compounded by imprisonment taxes the mind almost too far; especially when, as Mary Tyler submits here, about 90 per cent of the prison population has never come to trial and may wait "under trial" for years, afloat—or sinking—in what she depicts as a great, greasy ocean of bribery and corruption. Her book, describing her own five years without trial, from 1970 to 1975, in the female wards of ordinary Indian prisons, would therefore be remarkable in any event. The manner in which she submitted herself to the experience makes it more so.

Miss Tyler, who is a great deal of the puritan—rather a Marxist chauvinist prig, indeed—would wish her subject discussed before herself; and rightly so, as it is an extraordinary record. She was mostly in the female ward of Hazaribagh prison with later, less comfortable interval in Jamshedpur, the Bihar steel town. "Comfort" here is relative. Hazaribagh seems preferable because its female compound had, as well as open latrine drains, a vegetable garden—vegetables for sale, edible leaves available to scavengers—and some trees, bearing blossom and fruit, and offering shade, though these were later cut down in spasms of fiercer "security". This made—a making, one hopes, as the trees grow again—

Hazaribagh nicer for the children growing up in the compound. Hazaribagh also dumped, now and then, rags in the compound, for sanitary towels, which had to be washed and dried for use again; Jamshedpur ignored this refinement.

Both jails were overcrowded—increasingly so, as political prisoners multiplied. Food and clothing were pitifully poor (the rations painfully withheld by venal jailers); the inmates suffered from heat in summer, cold in winter, rain in the monsoon period, mosquitoes in season, bugs always, also dysentery, anaemia, prickly heat, scabies and other concomitants of such conditions. Until the political prisoners began to pass in and out, suddenly rapidly, Miss Tyler says—the inmates were mostly village women, profoundly ignorant of life outside their village, readily cowed by jailers' arguments that the government was really very good to keep them, bedevilled by caste, and illiterate.

(Characteristically, Miss Tyler, having taught herself Hindi and Bengali, taught some of them to read, and wrote petitions for them as well.)

In these conditions the women achieved a kind of sorority, domesticated their hardship, showed gentleness and loyalty towards each other. The very real affection and respect which breathes from the book comes from the many vignettes of these women, and their hopeless yet resilient lives. It was with them, too, that Miss Tyler first saw birth and death (also of a child); her sentence; later extended to possession of subversive literature and picric acid (whatever that is), which carries the death penalty. At no time, she seemed, was she ill-treated by the jailers, who were, fortunately and unexpectedly, before a magistrate, as Indian law requires. Instead, the charges were abruptly dismissed in July 1975—a diplomatic sop, presumably, after the emergency measures—and she was flown home.

Amazingly—one can only marvel and respect—she seems to have kept her spirits, to have feared collapse, to have felt more than passing dismay. She was apparently kept going by pride, a stubborn will, and an inexhaustible moral intransigence plus, perhaps, the flash of consolation most martyrs need. She declined, for instance, as far as possible to use the money her father sent to a Calcutta bank. "I felt that those who imprisoned me should not expect prisons to provide me with the necessities of life." Some small privileges—notably tea and sugar—were given her, as a "European," despite protestations to the contrary; these latter emanating from herself.

Her fellow prisoners had to sell part of their meagre rations in order to save for fines, or bail, or birthday presents; or, more commonly, they starved themselves. Miss Tyler, however says, with comic primness, and quite needlessly, that "the word 'Naxalite' in the context of this book, should on no account be interpreted as having any demonstrations", she elsewhere says, less guardedly, "some wardens even said they would serve us when we formed a government".

Guilty of sympathy, then: probably not—she hardly had the time—of the charges against her. Of rioting with deadly weapons, causing an affray, armed robbery and attempted murder") carrying a twenty-year sentence; later extended to possession of subversive literature and picric acid (whatever that is), which carries the death penalty. At no time, she seemed, was she ill-treated by the jailers, who were, fortunately and unexpectedly, before a magistrate, as Indian law requires. Instead, the charges were abruptly dismissed in July 1975—a diplomatic sop, presumably, after the emergency measures—and she was flown home.

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Where there's grit

By Sylvia Secker

ROY HATTERSLEY:
Goodbye to Yorkshire
163pp. Gollancz. £4.75.

MARIE HARTLEY & JOAN INGILBY:
Life and Tradition in West Yorkshire
160pp. Dent. £7.50.

Roy Hattersley's *Goodbye to Yorkshire* and Marie Hartley and Joan Ingilby's *Life and Tradition in West Yorkshire* are complementary. "To the east in Barnsley, Pontefract and Castleford miners are dying of the 'dust'", writes Mr Hattersley. Turn to plate 79 in the latter work and there is a photograph of a collier at the coal-face and in the text: "You could never get shut of dust". Thus a miner speaking of his experiences in the pits of the 1920s. Hattersley was writing of conditions in the 1850s. The quotation from Defoe prefacing *Life and Tradition*, "A noble scene of industry and application is spread before you", would surely meet with Mr Hattersley's unqualified agreement and would serve to include the playing of those games, cricket and football, to which he is passionately attached, especially when played by Yorkshiremen. In fact he is fiercely, pugnaciously Yorkshire on every count. George Orwell's description, written ironically—"The Northerner has 'grit', he is grim, 'dour', plucky, warm-hearted and democratic, the Southerner is snobbish, effeminate and lazy"—is quoted with approval. Mrs Gaskell, too, after a slow start finally succeeds in getting the Yorkshire character "about right".

Roy Hattersley was born in the bleak early years of the 1930s. In 1935 his father who had been unemployed for three years became a clerk in the Barnsley labour exchange, and made the journey of twelve miles in each direction on an oval-wheeled bicycle. For his son the times were more propitious, and after grammar school he entered Hull University. At twenty-one, armed with a BSc (Econ), he returned to his native Sheffield to embark upon a career in the steel industry. This step turned out to be misdirected and with no regrets on either side he left his firm to join the ranks of the adult educators. Mr Hattersley weaves his personal thread into the greater tapestry of Yorkshire life and history with dexterity and humour, and the reader has at the finish of these essays found himself both beguiled and instructed.

Life and Tradition in West Yorkshire covers, by means of tape-recorded interviews, the period between the 1890s and the 1930s. It is a fascinating work, enhanced throughout by the black-and-white photographs. Even allowing for the greater purchasing power of the pound wages in those days were miniscule. Seventeen shillings a week was earned in 1910 by a sixteen-year-old weaver, and yet: "Wages were small, but we'd some fun. The worse conditions were the more fun we had. You may not believe that, but it's true. I tell you, when I read Osbert Sitwell, I were sorry for t'Sitwells, they'd a sorry time." Thus Miss Olive Booth, who became a weaver in her grandfather's factory at thirteen.

Housing conditions even as late as the 1930s had changed not at all; it is a shameful record:

> In the 1930s old Quarry Hill was as verminous as anything I saw in London. The best way to look for bugs was to peel off the wallpaper by the fireplace. Layers and layers of paper on the wall I remember went back to a newspaper dated 1832. . . .

Many of the houses built in the 1890s are remembered as costing from £30 to £100. These were built by speculative builders and millowners. Key money ranged from £1 to £50, this sum for a council house. Most shared an outside privy.

But if work was hard and meanly paid and conditions abominable life had its pleasures. The fairs and feasts, holidays based on the church's feast days; the penny cinema, when the apparatus arrived by tram and was then pushed on a wheelbarrow to the Hall of Freedom (this in Queensbury) and of course the theatre with the great touring companies of Sir Frank Benson and Sir Martin Harvey. Perhaps the greatest joy and escape from everyday life was music. The word is almost synonymous with Yorkshire. It was — and is — second nature for Yorkshire folk, men, women and children, to "burst out singing" or take up an instrument. And what a rich legacy they have left; the great choral societies and orchestras, the bands such as the Black Dyke Mills and Brighouse. The county's contribution to music is quite extraordinary. The authors of this book have done an immeasurable service in capturing the past from the memories of these survivors.

Group loyalties

By Freda Constable

ELIZABETH FRENCH BOYD:
Bloomsbury Heritage
Their Mothers and their Aunts
161pp. Hamish Hamilton. £4.95.

Heritage is a word now usually preceded by "Our National", and can include anything from derelict cinemas to Queen Elizabeth's stockings. In the case of this book it is used to describe the background of a few of the feminine forebears of some of the Bloomsbury group which, after many ups and downs in public opinion, now seems to have been given admission to ONH. Those included in *Bloomsbury Heritage* are the Pattle sisters and Julia Stephen, Lady Strachey, Lady Ritchie and Lady MacCarthy.

The families which provided England with Bloomsbury had much in common. Many bonds of blood, marriage or at least acquaintance through the administration of India held them together with endless subtle knots and loops. The reader is kept shuttling back and forth between England and the sub-continent, and for the families concerned there was little rest in either country. Marriages, births, deaths, dinners and mutinies are all dealt with in rapid succession. A larger book would have given more scope to the complexities of the extraordinary lives of these Anglo-Indians, but *Bloomsbury Heritage* cannot do more than glance briefly at the facts. In consequence it is not really an adequate work of reference for Bloomsbury origins nor an entertaining look at its social history.

Genealogy may be fascinating, having provided the reader with the very necessary family tree, the author might have spared her such passages as:

> Anne Thackeray's husband, Richmond Ritchie, was also her second cousin. Her father, the novelist, was a first cousin of Judge William Ritchie of Calcutta (Richmond Ritchie's father). Thackeray passed some of his childhood in London with his aunt and uncle, William Ritchie's parents. Then, through the marriage of Harriet Marion Thackeray, that is "Minny", Anne's younger sister, to Leslie Stephen as his first wife, Anne became eventually Aunt Anny to the young Stephens. She was also a great friend of Sir James and Elinor Grant Colvile and of Sir Richard and Lady Strachey, and godmother to their youngest, James Strachey. Mary Warre Cornish MacCarthy was a granddaughter of William Ritchie, and thus also a niece of Uncle Richmond and Aunt Anny, whom she used to visit frequently in London and the Isle of Wight.

Elizabeth French Boyd includes some comment on the writing of Virginia Woolf and attempts to trace where these real relations will be found in her books; but these investigations must necessarily be subject to endless qualifications and are in any case beyond the scope of so short a book. The seventeen illustrations are confusingly and inadequately captioned with names occasionally misspelt. There are sixteen pages of notes, a most unexpected bonus since there is nothing in the text to indicate that further information is available in note form.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

THE BRITISH ARCHITECTURAL LIBRARY

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The British Architectural Library, which is the national subject collection and an extremely active provider of information to all enquirers, publishes a quarterly index to some 400 of the world's major architectural, design and planning periodicals. It now has a vacancy in its Editorial team of four; the successful applicant, who must be able to type and have some reading knowledge of languages, will take an active part also in information work.

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HEAD LIBRARIAN

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Charter Consolidated Limited is looking for a librarian to take charge of its company-wide library service. This is a specialist library service reflecting the nature of Charter Consolidated's business – international mining and finance – and candidates for the post will need 2 to 3 years' experience in management or technical librarianship.

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CHARTER

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CHAIR IN ENGLISH

The University will amalgamate with Loughborough College of Education next August and applications are invited for the post of Professor of English in the Department of English and Drama in the re-formed institution. Candidates will be expected to have a strong academic background in English; administrative experience would be an advantage. A major responsibility of the new professor will be to stimulate and extend the Department's range of activity across the academic spectrum.

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Loughborough *Leicestershire*

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John Parr, Assistant Staff Manager,
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Applications in writing to Mrs. S. Tapley, 1a East Row, Chichester. Tel.: Chichester 85100 ext. 635. Closing date: 11th February, 1977.

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College Road, Stoke-on-Trent

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Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Establishment Officer, North Staffordshire Polytechnic, College Road, Stoke-on-Trent ST4 2DE. Closing date: Monday, 7th February, 1977.

Directorate of Community Services (Libraries)

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London Borough of TOWER HAMLETS

Application forms from Personnel Services, Town Hall, Patriot Square, London E2 9LN, or telephone 01-981 0077 any time quoting reference required. Closing date: 14th February.

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Further details and application forms from the Personnel Officer, County Hall, Bedford. Tel. Bedford 63222, ext. 108.

BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

KENT COUNTY LIBRARY and
TUNBRIDGE WELLS HEALTH DISTRICT
(Joint Appointment)

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£3,366 to £3,702 plus £312 supplement

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Particulars and application form, returnable by February 12, from the County Librarian, Kent County Library, Springfield, Maidstone ME14 2LH. Phone 54371, ext. 377.

LIBRARIANS

UNIVERSITY OF KENT AT CANTERBURY

LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LIBRARIAN of this University, which will become vacant on the retirement of Mr. [illegible] Darlow on 30th September, 1977. The salary will be on the Grade IV range for Senior Library Staff (minimum £8,106 p.a.). Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Canterbury, Kent CT2 7NZ, to whom completed applications, including the names of three referees, should be sent not later than 10th February, 1977, quoting reference A4/77.

HERTFORDSHIRE

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

THE HATFIELD POLYTECHNIC

Needs a young professional to join its team developing a computerized catalogue for the group of College Libraries. Academic qualifications in social sciences or technology would be an advantage. Salary within the NJC scale AP3 (£3,504 to £3,714 inclusive of income supplement and local weighting allowance). Application forms and further details from the Staffing Officer, Hatfield Polytechnic, PO Box 109, Hatfield, Herts., or telephone Hatfield 68100 ext. 309. Closing date February 7, 1977. Please quote reference 841.

THE BIRS (national sound archive) has vacancies for (1) Qualified MUSIC CATALOGUER fully experienced in cataloguing records. (2) ASSISTANTS (permanent and temporary) to prepare material for sound archive; experience in tape recording desirable but not essential. (3) Temporary CLERICAL ASSISTANT with wide knowledge of classical music. Particulars and application forms obtainable from Director, British Institute of Recorded Sound, 29 Exhibition Road, SW7 (01-589 6603). Closing date 11th February, 1977.

CROYDON

CENTRAL LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST as BRANCH CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN (Librarians' Scale). Salary range £2,127 to £3,282 (£2,922 minimum point for a Chartered Librarian) plus London Weighting (£288) and a flat rate payment of £312 a year. In addition there is enhanced pay for Saturday working. Further particulars from the Chief Librarian, Central Library, Katharine Street, Croydon, CR9 1ET. (Telephone: 01-688 3627).

THE UNIVERSITY OF HULL

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THE POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON

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LECTURES & MEETINGS

PIERRE-JAKEZ HELIAS, author, will give a lecture on "Le cheval d'orgueil, essai d'analyse d'une civilisation populaire" on Tuesday, February 1, at 6.15 p.m. at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, London, S.W.7. Tel. 01-589 6211, ext. 38. Admission free.

"MORRIS' Mediaeval Books", Kelmscott House Colloquy, William Morris Centre, 26 Upper Mall, W.6, Saturday, February 12, 10.30 to 5 p.m. £5.00 (inc. Buffet Lunch). 01-748 5616.

THEATRES

FRENCH INSTITUTE (589 6211, ext. 40), Queensberry Place, S.W.7. The "Théâtre du Marais" presents "Histoire d'Amour" by Yves Navarre. Thurs. 3rd and Fri. 4th Feb., at 7.30 p.m. Tickets obtainable at Secretariat of Institute. 90p for students, groups of more than 10, £1.30.

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